

# CINEMA

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## Papers

The Australian magazine of film and television

## The AFI Awards

### A Special Preview

### Nobody's fool:

Robert Altman on working with Sam Shepard

### Man of films

Paul Cox and his several obsessions

September  
1986  
Issue 57  
\$4.50\*

Lino Brocka  
Movies after Marcos

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## September

CINEMA  
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## EDITORIAL

**NEWS IN BRIEF:** A roundup of events, issues and information on the Australian film and television scene

**PROFILES:** French director Agnès Varda; Hong Konger Jonathan Chubb; and festival film writer Annette Kuhn

**ON LOCATION:** Making Bruce Petty's *The Movers*

## FILM AND TV COMMENT:

Reviews of *Alice in Wonderland*, *Casus*, *Dreamchild*, *Far Game*, *Fool for Love*, *Fortress*, *Frog*, *Drumming*, *Highlander*, *The Last Castle*, *Miler After*, *Land of Hope*, *Malcolm*, *Playing Beatie Bow*, *Ran*, *Savagely*, *Shamshon*, *Turkula* and all the latest releases

**CINEMA BOOKSHELF:** An Australian Film Reader, a book about Val Lewton, Tarantino's testament and a couple of Mel Gibson bios

**OVERSEAS REPORTS:** The latest film and TV news from our regular foreign correspondents

**FESTIVALS AND MARKETS:** A look at Australia's two major film festivals and reports from Munich and Pula

**TECHNICALITIES:** Fred Harden copies the new joys on show at this year's SIFF film exhibition

**PRODUCTION:** A quick run-down on what's currently in front of the cameras, plus our usual exhaustive Production Survey listings

## COVER STORY



**The AFI Awards:** Who's going to win them in '88 and will they still be there in '89?

## FEATURES



**Cox and bull:** The likes, dislikes and firmly held opinions of an Australian immigrant

**People power:** Lino Brocka talks about Filipino filmmaking in the months since Mrs Aquino's revolution



**Country and western:** Robert Altman on police playthings and plot devices

**Copyright or copywriting:** Why we take so few film clips on Australian TV



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# The body in question

by Sophie Cunningham

**Most mainstream films rely on women's bodies as sexual objects, but must feminist cinema necessarily avoid depicting women's bodies?**

## ANNETTE KUHN, theorist



Problems of representation began to raise themselves as soon as Annette Kuhn arrived in Melbourne. Mainstream sportswomen who were filmed leaving the plane she had been on, soccer Australian Rules or rugby players? Even an investigation of the significance of sporting difference — mainly buttocks and height — failed to determine which they were. Which got going like a slow fire, unsettling assumptions of difference based on the body can be.

A staunch defender of the much maligned Classics, Kuhn arrived there from England in March, as Viking Folow in the Faculty of Arts studies it at UCL, and gave the opening paper at the four day May conference on *Powerful and the Human* film.

Kuhn was at Melbourne to edit a new paper, *Over the border*. Three seminars, all of which were about the representation of sexuality in the cinema, and the social and historical context in which such representations are constructed.

She is probably best known for her book, *Women's Pictures: Women and Cinema* (1982), an important work which draws together various strands of feminist theory and practice to explore the way in which together the two might contribute to the creation of an alternative cinema.

Kuhn is well placed to provide such an overview, having been in the forefront of the debates since they started in the sixties. A regular contributor to *Boston* she was, until recently a member of its editorial board. Her articles published in a large range of magazines,

cover a diversity of issues, including film studies, sociology and culture, and feminism.

Orally a lecturer in sociology, she has not always written about film. And it is not always about the sociology in her that fueled her desire to delve through Jeanne Pons's after being asked up at the airport, it was, after all, the only part of Melbourne she knew anything about, thanks to Dame Edna Everage. Her words will however, be relevant to those who find it useful that Dame Edna had left her to depart.

The trip to Melbourne Pons appeared to be the only unpleasant aspect of her journey, as the next two days were taken up with visits to Monash and La Trobe universities, with a stop at the APC in South Melb, before to have a look at some local independent work being done by women.

The talk at Monash was based on an essay in her latest book, *The Power of the Image: History, Representation and Sexuality*, which explored the way in which censorship, both individual and institutional, can actually be productive in helping to create specific gendering of the role.

At La Trobe Kuhn tackled a subject similar to the one with which she had opened the Classics conference. Entitled 'Representation: some problems for feminists', it was a fascinating look at the film *Pumping Iron 2*. The theme is contemporary, about the World Women's Bodybuilding Championship at Las Vegas.

Australian bodybuilder, Bev

Fraser, from *It's the Women* (film *Power* in development, for Nighy).

Fraser was a participant, but the judges considered her body — like most muscular in the competition — too well-built and thus too un-feminine. On Fraser's muscles beyond this.

The roles of Bev Fraser and other competitors Kuhn showed certainly highlighted the challenge the bodybuilder poses to those pre-conceptions of what a woman's body should look like, and the film as a whole also raised interesting questions associated with visual pleasure in female film, such as much of the pleasure to be had in watching a woman there is a response to the director's investigation of the women's bodies. Most mainstream film tells us women's bodies, as sexual objects, but must learn to cinema necessarily avoid depicting women's bodies?

Days given, Kuhn left for Sydney after a three day stay at Melbourne — fairly long enough in fact to work out her latest system. Kuhn's interest in films was less a sociological exercise, however, than a need to get places, many Melbourn institutions in contrast to those in Canberra and Adelaide had been reluctant to fund her visit. A shame, because an academic perspective on film is of special value to the development of a feminist cinema. Feminist film-makers will be more likely to provide a positive alternative if they have a solid understanding of the many ways in which mainstream cinema has represented and undermined women.

# The budgets, the pictures, the problems...

by Nick Roddick

Moment we are always being told — or someone is always telling Auntie Biquity — are an international business, agree with farmers in the proposition is true: then Jonathan Chissick is at living proof. Having started as the 'Latin American paper shuffer' (his own description) at United Artists in New York in 1988, Chissick, now 40, was born in Israel, lived in Tel Aviv, and is now Australian.

His eighth years in the film business have been spent in four countries: the USA (first going with United Artists in New York) (noted for years, those of them in managing director of UA, moved the UK (as managing director of United Artists there) and Australia (in the late seventies he'd done some year stint here, making the long way round between Israel and the UK, as managing director of UFA, then as president of United Artists). Now, since the departure of Terry Jenkins as its managing director, he has the same title at Hoyts.

Chissick is left face a year average movie executive, that is to say he doesn't make a big deal about it. He has models of cut of warts on his desk and doesn't play nervously with his calculator when he talks. He is in fact much like you or I, only richer, and his behavior is more rather than about which is interesting.

Since to look back, Hoyts has taken two steps of some significance out of the arms of Michael Edgely and into those of Jonathan Chissick, and into a deal with DBC to develop a series of subseries multiplexes designed to bring older audiences back to the cinema.

The transaction came was, he said, Chissick, only a matter of time for Hoyts. We've moved out our money where our mouth is up to speak. We've done our tax shelter deals. But to get up one morning and say I'm going to take \$10 million of our money and put it into a film you know it's a lot of money.

But we're heavily involved in distribution, we've got an enormous exhibition company and we're into video. So it's a natural extension — something Hoyts ought to be doing. The only logical revenue stream to be with a partner and what better partner than one of the majors?

The deal with UFA for a number of joint productions at the \$10 to \$15 million range came about during a country visit to Hollywood shortly after Jerry Weintraub took over at UFA. He has now left again, but these things tend to happen in the studio.

The visit started, probably enough, but soon got right to the point. We went in and said, 'We're Hoyts in Australia'. And he said, 'Oh, I know Hoyts and I've been to Ayres Rock and it's wonderful. How what do you guys think about production?' So I told him my theory about 1984, and non-1984, and



*'I don't want to point my finger, but there was obviously a failure.' Jonathan Chissick and Jerry Weintraub in a meeting in Hollywood.*

**"To get up one morning and say: 'I'm going to take \$10 million of our money and put it into a film' . . . you know, it's a lot of money"**

what we'd do so far with Hoyts. Edgely the budget, the pictures, the problems. And he said, 'Lucky you didn't see it'. By the next day we had a paper with 'gotten' of it, a very simple deal. Of course the lawyers and that will take months. But the deal is done.

Chissick is quietly eloquent about the theory question of Australian content of the films that will be made under the deal. As a person involved in the Australian film industry I would hope that it will lead to Australian content being made, but we haven't set any parameters. The beauty of it is you don't have to worry about producers and top-level executives and producers and lawyers and corporate affairs. We don't want to make a deal we want to make money. And unfortunately, money means that we are made are not money at all they're debts.

When Chissick said and DBC & Hoyts money, that? And what did Chissick tell Weintraub about these experiences? There's a very simple disapproval. Jerry's really enough money to know what it is all about. Chissick's body was very disappointed with Edgely. I thought it was the best script to come out of Australia. So we tried from somewhere. I don't want to point my finger, but there was clearly a failure. With DBC & Hoyts & DBC — it is now apparent — that people in Australia were just not interested in seeing a movie about these two guys dying in the desert.

At a time when post-Chissick DBC's public perception of the box office potential of Australian movies is on the up again, Chissick remains sanguine. Since say Peter Lip and Carol Ann Myles have two

or until now, with Crocodile Dundee, we really haven't had a big Australian hit. So you do get a little Australia. We're looking for good Australian pictures — we've got Mischief and Whodunnit coming up — but I won't take Australian pictures for the sake of pictures.

I think Crocodile Dundee will give heart and hope to a lot of film makers, but only every picture has to do so on its own. If you know, say a film and you're playing Crocodile Dundee in one theatre and for the other in the other, it doesn't necessarily follow that it is like as you tell Crocodile Dundee, everybody will go into For Love Alone. It doesn't happen that way.

With the new multiplexes, the aim is to have so much current Hoyts product on show in each location as possible. There are a lot of people who will not stop (Hoyts) into their local for a quick shot (play for it) and make money from the cinema, only to find that their first choice is sold out. We're going to give them accessibility to the cinema that working — and they can look up and see right now. There are probably going to be films that are their first choice. If they can't get into one, they'll get into the next. They're not going to a movie they're going to the movies.

It will take time, and of course there will be learning problems. We have here at the Warringal Mall in Sydney and at Warringal in Melbourne that look better movies to get off the ground. But if we get the audience to come into it, I believe they'll be regular moviegoers. And that you have to admit, in the screening pool heaven of suburban Australia, couldn't be all bad.



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# Film and REVOLUTION

In the May 1985 issue of *Cinema Papers*, we printed an "Open Letter" to the world's filmmakers by Lino Brocka, probably the best known Filipino director (and a constant opponent of President Marcos), was, at the time, out on bail from a sedition charge that carried the threat of the death penalty. Sixteen months later, after Cori Aquino's revolution, Brocka is back at work. Among other things, he is now the head of the Task Force concerned with reorganizing cinema in the Philippines; and he is working on his usual flurry of films. Here, he talks about getting out of jail, about life under the last days of Marcos, about the changes that People Power has brought (and the changes it hasn't), and about his own future as a filmmaker.

Immediately after I was released on bail, I made a movie, which is what I was preparing to do just before I was arrested. I've made about six films since *Bayan Ko* [Brocka's political manifesto, in competition in Cannes in 1984, and shown at last year's Sydney Film Festival], two years ago. That's about average. In fact, my output is down a little, because we were very much involved with organizing and mobilizing members of the Concerned Artists of the Philippines as part of the protest movement.

Also, they'd banned *Bayan Ko*, and we decided to fight it out with them. Fortunately, the producers were willing to lose the money. I told him: "You know, the Board of Censors is very vindictive, especially the Chairman!" But he said: "I don't care if the movie doesn't get shown or doesn't make any money in the Philippines. I just want to fight it out." So we filed suit in the Supreme Court, and that went on for almost a year.

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# Film and REVOLUTION

in the middle of all this — filming and the war and all — we had our weekly appearance at the court. It was just a bit less everybody knew that, I think. But we had to make an appearance every Wednesday, because there were two cases. The cases were "leading to violence" and "leading to illegal assembly", both of which were punishable by death at the time — death or life imprisonment, or in-between — if you were found guilty. But it was just harassment: that was very clear. I think the case was going to decide that there was no case, but they had orders from the top to hold it, so we had an ongoing case always hanging over our heads.

We — especially the theatre group I have — were very much involved in mobilizing for the protest movement, particularly in the provinces. The harassment and the arrests were getting quite violent. There was no time to make films! Between December last year and the end of May, I didn't do a minute, which is quite a record for me. Usually, I make a movie every two months — five or six a year. There was also the fact that, because of the trouble with *Mayan Ko*, producers didn't want to touch me with a serious film. I wasn't wasting my equipment, but they were asking me to do films that the government would like — you know, the glossy 'Rose Hunter' look, that type of film.

We knew the end was near for Marcos by then, but we didn't know how it was going to happen. Even when we were asking the people to vote for Cori, everybody was aware that there was going to be massive fraud and cheating. We knew they handled the institutions and the agencies that were

responsible for counting the ballots. The important thing was that the people knew and thought that they had to do our mad vote for Cori, even if they were going to be cheated. But, in spite of all the election rigging and all the people putting up a fight, we still needed something. And then, of course, came the sort of coup by the military, headed by Ramos and Fance Ferric. I suppose that was the thing that did it.

Now that we have this freedom that we've been fighting for, though, it's not all straightforward, because there are still so many of the old structures left, and so many of the people who benefited from the Marcos government. People are scrambling for positions. It's a different kind of battle altogether — a little bit confused, right now, and a little bit messy, because we are in the process of reconstruction, the process of rebuilding. Plus, of course, as everybody knows, the Philippines is bankrupt, and the movie industry is having a hard time, just like all the other sectors.

Right after the revolution, the first thing the President did was to create commissions, like the Commission on Good Government. Let's face it: for the last 20 years, corruption was the system. It penetrated almost every level of society, and the Commission is now running after these people. Since the movie industry used to be led by people who spoke for the government instead of speaking about the movie industry, there was definitely the need for a change there. For example, John Lorton was still running the Film Centre, and we had to get rid of him!

We don't know what to do with the Film

# Film and REVOLUTION

Centre, as a matter of fact) it's a big white elephant. Also, there was a lot of money craved because of the showing of these semi-pornographic films: where did it go? Like all government agencies, the Film Centre had to be satisfied, which necessitated the creation of a Task Force to oversee it. But, more important, I think, is the fact that the government realizes that there is the need to formulate film policies that will govern the movie industry. And that, precisely, is the function — the responsibility — of the Task Force for Cinema.

A degree of independence is important, however. After the revolution, we appointed a Union of Movie Workers, of which I'm President. We've been trying to organize this for a number of years, ever since the First Lady ordered the Manila International Film Festival and opposed to all sorts 'gods'. The 'Academy' the government created included the different guilds, plus the producers, so it was impossible to negotiate an economic problem. In fact, they insist it very clear that they were not there to tackle economic problems. I mention that because the feeling was sometimes that we didn't want any help — any subsidy or funding — from the government for the Union. It's important to retain our independence, so that we're not beholden to any administration, even if it is Cor Aquino's.

It is a concern of every sector now to educate the people. I think one thing Philippine leaders found all this is that we were very much to blame for what happened. In other words, we kept quiet. That is why Marcos became mean and cruel and ambitious and had the gall to do it all.

With 30 years of suppression, you can imagine the storm that was being planned right now! And they are still very relevant, because the revolution has not changed the system: corruption is still there. I don't think you can change that overnight, that will go on. Let's face it: a big segment of society still belongs to the same sector and, these attitudes have not changed. As a matter of fact, even the educational system has got to change. We have to be weaned away from that, because the system that we've had for the past 30 years has been very much influenced by the teaching institutions — the IMF and the World Bank. Now, people are very, very conscious that, whatever and they are, it is not in the name of democracy, or because we're such a 'poor-living nation', it is for their own survival.

For myself, now that the revolution is over, I'm going back to television. I was doing several shows there, before 'The Crosses' took over. Now I'm going back. I've agreed to do a miniseries — the story of Nene Aquino, which I was supposed to have done two years ago but, for security reasons, couldn't make. What I'm doing is the local version. There are, I think, three international versions, but I don't want to have anything to do with them. If they want to do a Gandhi-type film, fine, as far as I'm concerned. But I don't want anything to do with it. The story that we have is about a family that was harassed by the state — a domestic drama. It is the story of Nene when he was arrested at the declaration of martial law, and how the family went through the trial and then went to the United States and went back to normal. It's a domestic drama that I don't think international producers would be interested in.

The other one I'm thinking of doing is a

story based more or less on Imelda Marcos — the story of a woman who has an affair with the arch, who sings and who collects statues of the infant Jesus. That's the one I look forward to, because the story we have come up with is so exciting. It moves: it has all the elements in it, and the last for power and the accumulation of all these things. She would have an afternoon tea party, and there is a famous portrait painting; and probably there would be a famous American actor who comes in. . . I'm calling it *Gravida A*.

Gravida is married to the governor of a southern province, who has been in power for the last 30 years. Now, he is dying of an incurable illness and he is up for re-election. Since he is too sick, his wife takes over the re-election campaign. She goes to political rallies and sings a song and has the military behind her. There is also a human rights lawyer running against her — honest but poor. And, in the election campaign goes on, she realizes there is the possibility this guy might win. So, she stages an ambush in which he is assassinated. Of course, there is no evidence, and people refuse to talk. But the wife of the slain opponent now runs against her, so we have a story about two women fighting it out.

I start the film with her singing at a party, then at a rally, then going to church and singing there. She has this fabulous wedding for her daughter, with all these foreign friends of hers. Then she quarrels with her husband, because he is having an affair with an American starlet who comes to the Philippines to make one of those *Meyer Meyer* films. He has an affair, so she has an affair. . . that type of thing.

You can't exaggerate the life of Imelda: it's already an exaggeration. It's in a fantasy world. The woman bought a crown — an Imelda-to-godness crown. Of course, we know that she bought jewellery, millions of dollars worth, but a crown! Where would she wear it? In the evening, just to look at? Perhaps it was for a costume party. But, if you go to a costume party, you wear costume jewellery. This crown cost \$184,000!

And who would ever believe the reason why she went to Manila? It was not published internationally, I think, but in the Philippines it was lost before the election, she went to Rome with a statue of Our Lady of Fatima. She had a whole catalogue of maps and prints — about 50 people — and she went to this small town in Manila and had a mass there. She had a black veil and she was all in costume, and portraits were taken. And do you know why she did that? Because her fortune-teller told her that a woman from Asia would go to Rome and convert it to Catholicism. It was in all the papers. Of course, they didn't say that that was why she went. But her creation — the 'Blue Lady' — told us it was true. If you put that on the screen, people would say it was an exaggeration!

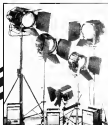
There's another thing I have to show which, when people see it, they will probably say I am making fun. When Van Cliburn and Margot Fonteyn left after a visit to the Philippines, all the way from the VIP lounge to the aircraft, there was a red carpet and girls dressed as symposium clowns, with flowers in their hair. It was straight out of *Les Sifflards*. The girls had baskets, and they threw petals, as Van Cliburn and Margot Fonteyn are walking on a red carpet, and girls on both sides are throwing petals at them. If you put that on the screen, can you imagine. . . ?

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# h Dutch treat

For Paul Cox, film is the most powerful medium ever invented, but also the most abused. If the Australian film industry had more dedication and less greed, argues Cox, and if the monopolisers and executives restored it to the filmmakers, we would have better results.

A lot of Cox's frustration and anger comes to the surface in conversation. But his films are not nearly so blunt. They are emotional and tender, often, the missing balance his recurring images remains obscure. They are films which appear affected by incidents in his life, and they bear the unmistakable stamp of the auteur. Indeed, David Stratton has described him as "the most interesting writer of the contemporary Australian cinema".

Cox does not like large gatherings, and prefers his Australian anonymity to the disorienting frenzy of his films in other countries. But he feels strongly that Australian filmmakers should get together more often. There is nowhere here, he complains, where you can go and have a drink, knowing that you will catch up with fellow filmmakers: nowhere where you can swap ideas over a coffee in some cafe or other.

Where is the community spirit, he asks? That is one of the reasons why he thinks film festivals have an important role to play in the Australian film industry. For him, "they are the last vestiges of free dreams".

*Do you still feel like a foreigner, after more than 20 years in Australia?*

I used to feel Australian, but not any more. I think, as you get older, you go back to your roots. A lot of people, when they die, can only speak their mother tongue, even though they have spoken other languages. Maybe I'm getting old.

*Do you feel Dutch?*

No. What I feel has nothing to do with Holland. Even my parents had nothing to do with Holland. I was born there and was at a Dutch school for a while, but I was brought up in German, French and Dutch.

*How would you describe yourself?*

I think I'm a very determined person. But I don't call it ambition. I'm a very compulsive character, so they say.

*Is there a characteristic you can apply to your filmmaking?*

You have to. If you don't, you're not a filmmaker. It's impossible.

*What do you think is the best attribute a filmmaker can have?*

A lack of fear, because filmmaking is very much a medium of our times, and our times are very greedy and based on the wrong values. Filmmakers are easily seduced, so I think a lack of greed is essential. Also great determination and confidence. If in any way you start to doubt yourself...

Each time I go overseas, I am always amazed how filmmaking has developed into some sort of totally static situation, where ten people decide what is being done and how to put a film together. I don't work like that at all. I find it very boring and lacking in personality. We live in a society that doesn't breed individuals any more.

*You are regarded now as a successful and bankable filmmaker. Is that what you wanted?*

No, of course not. I did not even intend to be a filmmaker. I did it as a hobby and I've always said that, if you take something seriously, then you must do it as a hobby, because if you do it professionally, you have to make compromises all the time, and you have to make a living. I worked on the side, doing things I wanted to do — obviously little films that meant me a lot and which I always produced myself. I worked as a lecturer at Prater College, and most of the money I made there went into films. From there, I became a filmmaker. But I never set out to become a 'film director'. I find that an embarrassing title.

*Of all the films you've made, which one are you happiest about?*

I don't think you should ever be happy about what you do. I think a film I made about ten years ago called *Eden* is still about the best. It is only ten minutes long and it is totally abstract and hypnotic — and that is what I think a film should be.



Paul Cox has been making films in Australia for nearly twenty years, but people still tend to regard him more as an uprooted European. Carol Bennetto talks to him about filmmaking and other obsessions.

*(Clockwise from top left) Paul Cox on location with Werner Herzog's *When the Green Anis Bleeds* in 1982*



# Dutch treat

Do you think filmmaking is self-indulgent?

It is the most important medium of our times. It is the most abused, too. It is the most powerful thing we have invented. But I rarely go to the movies, because they make me angry. I think it is the most barbaric medium, but it is used in the most charming, persuasive and disgusting way. Let me tell you something. I was on the plane to Hawaii recently and I saw *Prunella Hower*. Behind my row-back seat on the day I was very angry with that film. It turned round and asked that man, "What is the matter with you? Why are you day-dreaming? It is one of the most unusual pieces of shit I've ever seen!"

**"We live in serious times. We are very close to the brink of extinction!"**

I can understand that, because I haven't dipped out of this life, he might have some funny, scary little point about as much people as I know. It would have been capable of that. But here is a man at 79, John Huston, and he has "maturapace" (a really incoherent) film that is being handled as something quite brilliant. It is a piece of rubbish. We don't live in times any more where we can indulge in that sort of thing. We live in serious times. We are very close to the brink of extinction. Film is such a powerful medium, and people are watching it for two or three hours of television and film a day.

Do you think you are different from other filmmakers?

I don't think I'm different. I am just more determined to do my own thing. There are very few people who get the chance to do that, because film is all controlled by the wrong people. Why should a producer, who has no idea about film, who may have been studying to become a chemist or a lawyer, suddenly become a film producer and have the final say? They have a say in the casting, in what is being made, what happens, that country's economy and then they have final say.

Is that why you exist on such a high degree of artistic control?

Not high. I said. The great error of all this is that I am a much more commercial commodity in the moment than anybody else! All my films are about human beings and they are for human beings.

Was *Lonely Hearts* a breakthrough for you?

*Lonely Hearts* is an extraordinary story. It became very popular because people are basically starving for a bit of beauty on the screen. They don't want to just have "shooting parties" all the time. I've always believed that I believe much more as people than most of the others, because those people are standing between you and the audience. The others think they know what an audience needs and wants, and they are the standards. That is why going to the movies makes me angry.

And why do we have American crap here all the time? That's why I'm so pissed off

with Australia, it's like being in America. That second-rate culture, writing in many languages across the globe, and we still live for that! You can't even turn on the television at night without hearing an American voice on every channel. And why should a foreigner like me screen against it all the time? Of course everyone agrees with me, but nobody does anything about it.

Are you happy making films, or would you prefer to be doing something else?

Yeah, I would rather be doing something else. If I had the courage, I would just live a very quiet life. I would like to do a bit of painting, a bit of writing and all that sort of stuff. It's become too big, you know: too many things happen, too much pressure, too many demands. It was never intended to be that way. I'm not ambitious on this level. I've never done anything: I have just been competitive, and I think it's essential that people use the medium to express themselves. It is not all about some weird god or anything. The commercial goal is supposed to tell us how to maintain one another and how to designate one another. The more I grow, the less time I have for any of that shit, for my compromise. I say



Checking out the show: *Car on a Standee for Inside Looking Out* (1977)

exactly what I think and do exactly what I need to do. How many more years do we have? We're all going to die some day. I am supposed to be a successful filmmaker, but I could give my career away just like that. I've done it before. I was a very successful photographer at one stage, and I just gave it away: it didn't mean anything any more.

Does filmmaking still mean something to you?

It means a lot, because, politically, it is a very important weapon — absolutely important. There is nothing as beautiful or as powerful as filmmaking. Politically, it can change your whole way of thinking. That doesn't mean to say you must make "political" films. I make films about people for people. The only thing we have that makes us so unique is that we can feel and we have the ability to have emotions. I have great respect for trees and animals, usually more than for people. But I must believe, underneath, that people are basically good; if I couldn't believe that, I would give the whole thing away.

Where did the idea for *Car on a Standee* come from?

Usually, the ideas start somewhere in childhood. I think that one started many years ago, when my mother was blind as a result of a brain bleed inside her head. We were all terribly upset and went to see her in hospital, but the woman's feelings had it all. In fact, she was having a very peaceful time, lying in a quiet little room. I have made a few films about blind people, and I've always found that they are very peaceful. We live in a world that only scratches the surface of things. We judge people by their faces, and never allow any time to analyse the attitudes of a person or their feelings. Everything is judged by society on the surface level, and we all know a person is made up of an inner life and an outer life and how these two are balanced.

In *Car on a Standee*, one person represents the inner and the other person the outer. One person has been everywhere, seen everything, and the other person has seen nothing and yet he has inner peace. The other person, although she has sight, has nothing. It is based upon saying that the world consists of two different types: the shallow ones and the not-ones. The shallow ones have the world; they have the big cars and the new houses. The not-ones have nothing. It's a very ambiguous and profound idea, I think that fully.

I have read that you were influenced by Claude Gorette's film, *The Lazzarini*, which also starred Isabelle Huppert?

No, but he encouraged me a great deal. There was a film with no special commercial intentions, and yet it was very successful. If Gorette had gone to a funding body here in 1976, he would have been kicked out of the building. When I saw it, I was quite amazed in that it is full blown with everything many have dreamed about the movie. They had been given something — something to take home, something to think about and make their own. They wanted to talk. It is so important that a film can let that happen to you. It can be entertainment, it can even be light-hearted; it is not a matter of being heavy.

So, *The Lazzarini* gave me great encouragement, and Isabelle's performance was absolutely stunning. By sheer coincidence, I met her a year later, I talked to her and we decided to make a film together. She thought it was a bit of a joke at the time, but I was quite serious, and we did it.

Is it true that you created it for Isabelle Huppert?

This particular script, yes. The idea for the film was already there and I had written some sort of script that was very different, although it had somebody going blind in it. It was never completed and it wasn't very good, so I re-wrote everything for her.

Did you have any problems with actors' Equity in allowing Isabelle to come to Australia?

It was rather Isabelle coming here or my leaving Australia. If I haven't earned enough freedom by now, then I'm living in the wrong country. I could have proceeded in Canada and San Francisco, partly with an Australian visa, but I wanted to make it here. I live here, I work here. I'm glad we managed to solve the problem.



You referred to your method of filmmaking as being much faster and more personal than anybody else's. You also say fewer shots than most filmmakers. Is there a reason for that?

Filmmaking is an incredible indulgence in spending. I am not spending a lot of money, but I do know exactly what I'm doing when I start making a film. I don't take ten master shots and twenty close-ups and then see whether it all goes together. No, I would shoot on a ratio of five, not seven-to-one, which is half of what other people do, because I see no point in wasting the material. That's one thing. Secondly, I very often like to do things in one take, but they are very carefully laid out and they are complicated shots. They are also very risky, because you have nothing to cover yourself with. But that makes a more exciting/each time you make a film, it may be your last, so you may as well play all the way.

You said to me earlier that the music in your films is much better than in most films you have done. How important is music as part of the film's structure — because I am assuming you push yourself on your selection of music?

No, I don't pride myself at all. I just think — in fact, I am absolutely convinced — that, if you don't have a sense of music, you should not be making films. Music is the basis of all creativity. I always have the music before the film begins.

Why do you choose not to work in Dolby?

Because Dolby is a lot of nonsense. It doesn't. It blows the music up and makes it unrealistic. It is very rare that I use a film in which Dolby is properly used. Dolby is a con by the Americans who even have a 'Dolby expert' for the music. Why should we imitate the Americans on that level? You know, I have never seen a film and not feel because it didn't have a Dolby track.

**"I have a much better reputation outside Australia than I do here. I think, in Australia, there is still this thing about a migrant coming good"**

No matter of these little aspects in filmmaking are covered by somebody. You can't even say 'Happy Birthday' in a film because the 'bans' somehow bought the rights to it, and it will cost you about 50 grand! It's incredible: you can't even say happy to a nice guy because you have to pay through the nose!

Are there other European filmmakers besides Gorenzi whom you admire?

I didn't say that I admired Claude Gorenzi, I think he is a fine, decent human being and that *The Locomotive* is a great movie, it just touched the right nerve. But it is not a specifically interesting movie: the guts, the humanity behind it are good enough for me, thank you very much! I don't need more than that.

I think there are some fine filmmakers. I like everything Stollard ever did. I think he was great. And Bergman, too. But how

## Why Cox won't go Hollywood

by Tony Lawson-Jones

"It is unlikely that Mr Cox will make a film in the United States unless a number of preconditions are met. For one, he will always want final say in his always bad and bad! — or vice president or independent producer — were prepared to give him hands-on (and responsible) a

"Mr Cox does not like to be produced" he is a co-producer of all his own films, but a genuine desire to control responsibility through shared script (which he usually writes) and financing (if he does) which he is responsible as well as financial budget of ideas may be offered, but this is not the case. The last of his First World War *SAVED* (and Mr Cox was *SAVED* million. We're getting into the big league.

Last year, a pre-packaged project was offered to him. It was a good script set in Chicago in the thirties, with a central plot concerning the black community of a white establishment. The filmmaker was an actor who had been accidentally killed on the set of an uncompleted film. It had

great potential for period detail and social comment and there were good opportunities for crew and cast alike. However, when in place all Cox had to do was check the picture. It was very tempting.

"He was, prior to this, a director and not a producer, and he was not prepared to consider the project. But the film was shared in such a way as to exclude him from too much of the job and from production work for him to find satisfaction derived and responsible for the film.

"My real hope, Cox initiates his own script, writing a scenario and early drafts before dialogue is sharpened by writers brought in later — and before actors and actresses make their final contributions. In the main, Cox's films are dramatic in nature, about people, not machines, about private dilemmas not machines about private drama, not actions do so a certain extent where the film is not beyond what is a human drama itself. Mr Cox does not want to make a film in America for the sake of making a film in America. He does not want to make a film anywhere with American dollars merely for the sake of providing employment for himself or others."

**The above is an excerpt from a paper delivered to the Association of American Film Commissioners' Symposium '86 in Honolulu, Hawaii, 6-10 May 1986.**

many filmmakers are there? Just before Coxon, I was invited to go to Canada. I stopped midway Toronto and Toronto and it was really surprising for me. But you hear exactly the same thing from all of these directors: none of them really make any money out of film. They are all employed as doing something original, they all do their own thing and they all have a hellish time. But I think it's extraordinary that 'they' are that close to the people who are supposed to be changing the shape of cinema (Cox's *Locomotive* was part of an event featuring ten directors who were supposed to be going to make the most significant contribution to world cinema in the next ten years). It's all very easy, but who are 'they'?

You have received offers to work in the States. Would you consider going to America to make a movie?

Well, it's a long story. Everyone keeps on telling me I should do a once — experience it. But I got enough experience here. I am in a very fortunate position and I am able to make my own films here. It's not difficult to get the finance, so why the hell should I go to Hollywood? If I cannot have final say, I don't want to make a film.

But I do have a much better reputation outside Australia than I do here! I think, in Australia, there is still this thing about a migrant coming good. If I go on a festival in the States, I can hardly move because people are asking me for my autograph.

And, although I see American movies are made, at least they have you for what you do. That's the good thing about America: they are much more open about cinema, even though it's controlled by a few people whose thinking is based on the money dollar.

Do you have a solution to all this?

If I had the energy left, I would buy myself a television station and have all the control. You have to do your own thing as well as you can, and I am lucky to get away with doing my own thing — very lucky — and I have to be thankful for that. But it certainly hasn't been easy. You get so fucking angry, and what for?

It's very easy to go to Hollywood and make a million-dollar picture, but I have to live with my own conscience. I don't want to go out of this life and look back and think 'Well, I made a lot of money, I think that's awesome. I think filmmakers have an extraordinary responsibility. People ask me, "How does that feel, working for television? What's the difference?" There is no difference, except that your responsibility is much bigger, because you reach more people. I think I've been lucky. I came to filmmaking through the back door. It became a hobby and then an obsession, and I have no way of turning back. I have become so obsessed with a chat, now, there's no escape.



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# Colorfilm



Agee (left), Sam Shepard in *Edge in Pool for Love*

A couple of years ago (some November, I went on the road in England with Robert Altman. The occasion was the British release of *Secret Honor*, Altman's "Winnic film", in which one actor alone in a room for just under two hours re-enacts the murder and the paranoia which is, it seems fair to assume, the scenario being played out inside the former President's head.

I had seen the film a month or so before and I thought — I still think — *Secret Honor*, for all its self-imposed topographical limitations, among Altman's greatest films. It is a work which uses two of the true resources of cinema — the control of point of view and the fine-tuning of pace — to astonishing effect, leaving most of the drama's ear-chains and intergalactic battles looking target and ineffectual by comparison.

Going on the road involved sharing three quarters and narrow rooms, one in London, one in York and one in Newcastle. In York, the lecture was introduced by Andrew Tudor, author of two excellent books on the cinema, and he paid Altman a rare tribute. In the mid-seventies, Tudor was film critic for *New Society*. Only once, he said, had he missed a deadline. It had been after seeing *Nashville*, and the sheer scope of the film, the number of issues it raised and the complexity of his own response made it totally impossible for him to write his column on time.

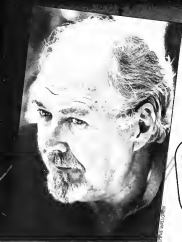
Most of us for whom *Blazing* became a passion and a passion somewhere between 1968 and 1988 have felt that way, if not about *Nashville*, at any rate about one or other of Robert Altman's films. The status was a dreadful decade in American cinema, with very little that should count the machine-bred efficiency of the product ground out by Hollywood. The first generation of talent directors were badly reared or dead, and the studio were still a long way off giving the kids a chance. And then, in 1990, along came *M\*A\*S\*H*.

Altman was certainly not a kid in the 1970s: born in that episode of the mid-West, Kansas City, in 1925, he was on his own for ten by the time he made *M\*A\*S\*H*, with a few unsuccessful features and a ten year career in television behind him. But the film was certainly youthful. And it was a landmark, not because it engendered a seemingly endless, easy little TV series (which Altman hated), but because it came close to revolutionizing mainstream American cinema. It had stars and a story and it was made by 20th Century-Fox and it opened in major chain cinemas. It had about it, though, an adorable freshness, more or less by mistake. Hollywood had produced a film which reflected its time, rather than making something that seemed born and bred in the fifteen thousand of the movie capital.

The soundtrack was easy and modest and fascinating, not arrogant and post-symbolic, the handling of the narrative was loose and open, not seamless and unproblematic. Most amazingly of all, *M\*A\*S\*H* was a film that millions of people went to see. It seemed to break the rule that any film made outside the studio would fail, and that any filmmaker who didn't conform wouldn't work.

After *M\*A\*S\*H*, Altman certainly worked, making fourteen films in the next ten years. And it very soon became clear that not only would Altman break the Hollywood mold-these wouldn't be an 'Altman movie' either. This was not a director whose name was going to be sold but, predictable, like some of his contemporaries (and fellow TV graduates), John Frankenheimer and Sidney Lumet.

Immediately after *M\*A\*S\*H* came *Breathless* McCulloch (1979), a bare-knuckled and sexual initiation and the desire to fly, set in the Houston Astrozone and introducing Shelley Long, an actress who would become an Altman regular. Next came McCabe and Mrs Miller (1971), a bloodied-out and



# ON THE ROAD with **ROBERT ALTMAN**

western, set along the coastline in the Pacific northwest, in which the leaves blow into one another like the outlines of the town of Presbyterian Church in the falling snow, and whose climactic signpost face-down simply disappears into the wilderness.

The following year, there was *Images* (1972), a French ghost story set (and filmed) in Ireland; then *The Long Goodbye* (1973), a film I would like for, which irreverently and quite justifiably celebrates Philip Marlowe's schematic moral values in the unpunctuated urban wasteland of modern Los Angeles.

The sixth Altman film of the seventies was *Thieves Like Us* (1974), a remake of the 1940 Nick Ray film. *They Love by Night*, which looked at a doomed love affair against the background of the Depression, and did so far more honestly (if less commercially success-fully) than *Notorious* and *Cleopatra*. Next came *California Split* (1974), a gambling melodrama in which Altman did for lucky seven what he had done to war films in M\*A\*S\*H: drove straight there, allowing the people — in this case, Elliott Gould and George Segal — to rise above the genre. It was a film that confirmed that Altman was, on top of everything else, a great director of actors. Segal has never been better.

And then came *Nashville* (1975), which was a critical and a commercial success in a way that none of the films since M\*A\*S\*H really had been. *Nashville* was the film of the seventies — about sex and politics and music and the media, with dozens of different stories and 45 main characters. It took the impermanence of the post-Nixon era with unerring accuracy, and with all the indelicate efficiency of a social thermometer.

With *Nashville*, Altman's career seemed established. Here was that dream-chick of American Hollywood: a filmmaker of definite individuality, who reached audiences in such a

way as to guarantee his future budgets. It turned out to be an illusion: no filmmaker that unprepared to spend too long on the same road, that unready to repeat himself, could survive for long. By the late seventies, Hollywood was turning back towards the safe options and the familiar formulas. The Reagan era was all but dawning on the horizon.

Altman's next film after *Nashville*, *Hombre* (1976), and the Indiana or Sitting Bull's History Lesson (1976), was a major flop (though it was a Golden Bear in Berlin). Since then, only one film out of eleven, *Prey* (1980), has made an appreciable dent at the box office, and even that did nowhere near as well as Paramount anticipated. Three of the others — *A Perfect Couple* (1978), *Quartet* (1979) and *Health* (1980) — have hardly been seen, and one (*P.O. and Sugar*, 1984) seems to have been shelved for good.

Of the remainder, *8 Women* (1977), *A Wedding* (1978), *Come Back to the 5 and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean* (1981), *Stardust* (1982), *Secret Honor* (1984), and now *Food for Love* (1986) have had critical responses ranging from the ecstatic to the politely deferential. But they have had very limited box-office success. None of which alters the fact that Altman remains one of the two or three most important American directors since World War II.

*Food for Love* was in competition at Cannes this year, which is one of the places some of the following comments were recorded, in an interview in the Carlton Hotel. Others were in Paris in the autumn of 1984, also in a hotel, and, of course, on the road. Most of the comments were answers to questions asked more initially. But they were because they came in their own right, which is why I have left them like that. Like his films, Altman endures on a subject. And, like *Nashville*, he rarely takes the narrow view.

By  
**Nick Roddick**





"It's through Richard Nixon — my feeling is — that we're able to look at the quality of the Presidency — Philip Baker Hall as Richard Nixon in *Secret Honor* (1974)

## Actors and AND ARENAS

"I was talking to Fanny Ardant the other night. She worked with Gaudeline Chaplin and Vladimir Gossman in the *Pennine* film [*La Vie en rose*]. But she never did a scene with them. She knows them just as 'Hello' and she's seen them in the film, but she doesn't know them. Television is done the same. You know 'We have to pay \$2,000 a day, so we'll get this person out of the way in two days'."

"I prefer not to work like that. Of course, I didn't get there overnight. A lot of my reputation is being able to attract actors — my history — is such that they know, or they feel, that they're not going to be made a fool of, that I'm not going to let bad performances go on the screen and I'm not going to let them go. They feel comfortable about trusting themselves as actors."

"I don't like to travel around too much in a film. I feel like to have a performer it's just an idiosyncrasy of mine. Sometimes it's a pretty big name, but I think it has to be an actor. I like Madsen in a kind of big name. Remember McClure was in the *Apocalypse*. I had complete in that kind of set-up. Jimmy Dean was like that, and the Nixon thing certainly was. *Play for Love* was on a big screen set with very few people on it."

"I know when I get on the set, all these people will question their behavior. Nobody wants to be the bad guy, nobody wants to be the hero in the battle. We get rid of all those private, domestic scenes and [sometimes] stand ins and cameras to get their coffee, and they love it. Most of that special privilege sort of privilege has nothing to do with work. It makes work more difficult for actors. It puts them on their guard."

"I went to San Francisco to cast *M\*A\*S\*H*. And everybody said 'What are you going to San Francisco for? All the actors are here in Los Angeles.' Because that's where they throw the coin. But I wanted people who hadn't been in a film before. Raul [Aulagnier] had done almost six films to that date. After about ten days, *M\*A\*S\*H*, Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould went to the head of the studio and tried to leave me

## Richard Nixon and SECRET HONOR

"I have a woman who works with me called Scotty Brundish, who is in many ways the closest thing I have to a partner. Her husband is artistic director of the Los Angeles Actors' Theatre, and they had put on *Secret Honor* as a workshop production in a little, 40-seater theatre. You had to cross the stage just to get into the room, and then you were trapped!"

"He kept saying 'You have to see it; the actor's great!' I know how people feel about something which is Richard Nixon done in a scene for two hours. I wouldn't go see it, either! I just did everything to avoid it! Finally, he got me. He said: 'Well, I just don't see how you can talk the way you do about actors, and there's an actor of this quality and you won't see his work.' So I said 'OK.' I went and just loved it. I spent all my own money. I took it to New York and produced it there, and then to Boston, and then we took it to Ann Arbor, and decided to do this film. Now, I really don't have any money!"

"Your first impression is that it's going to be a comic performance — a lot of cheap shots. But just to take cheap shots is a comic body like that — I mean, I couldn't have stayed awake for the seven days it took to make the thing! It's not about an individual—it's through Richard Nixon — my feeling is — that we're able to take a look at the quality of the Presidency and the media and the politics and how long this is going to continue. Of all the Presidents, Nixon was worst served by the media because of his personality and his own stupidity. When he said something, there it was. It's astounding to happen with this other joke we've got. The media were tough on Nixon, but they weren't as tough on Nixon thought. They were tough on Nixon because he's the one who did it."

"I think it's certain for a couple and because the quality of the people that would appear to that office is more down there in the C-minus group. All of these people that get in these headquarters. But they're insecure, and they didn't get there all at once. They didn't just go from A to B; they went to B and then C, and then, suddenly, they're on that rollercoaster. And we reward them for it! I mean, when you get rewarded for lying constantly . . . It's like talking a hot stove! If every time you touched a hot stove, you had an orgasm, people would be running round with their arms burnt out up to their!"

## Audiences and COMPROMISE

first, they said I was ruining their careers!"

"Warren Beatty didn't really go along with that on *McClure* and *Mr. Miller*, either. But, ultimately, he really had no choice. Of course, John [Christie] was a great help. He's just the opposite. The way and thing is I don't think Warren has ever given a better performance. But when he finishes there, it doesn't enter his mind. He still doesn't understand it. He looks at me and he doesn't trust me. He doesn't know how it gets done."

"Shirley [Arnold in *Secret Honor*] — she was selling paintings for her boyfriend. She didn't have the slightest idea she'd never seen a camera before. I was looking for somebody here that was who had this Texas accent. I didn't want an actor who was going to go out and perfect for screen. I cannot abide that. I am it every day."

"They'd never seen a camera before [Beverly Sussman]. — Shirley Arnold in *Secret Honor* (1975)



"I never think that I'm shooting for any particular audience. An artist does what he does. It's really his own vision of something and, if he's going to stop — whether he's a person or a musician or whatever — and say 'What kind of person are you [person or artist] and of song can I make that's going to make me a lot of money?' he has at that moment chosen his art, and he's in the manufacturing business. Now, that doesn't mean, of course, that you can't go out and do what you want to do and it couldn't turn into a billion dollars. . . ."

"So, I can't really deal with what the media mean it, or what it's going to be made up of. But, if I have a scene I'm going to do, I realize I'm having a problem getting it done and I can take that. If there was something a little more realistic in it, it would make it more acceptable to those guys who are writing the original checks. I may be kidding myself and serve those little things up. But they're mine, in my mind, going to change the nature of what this place is."

"With *Play for Love*, we never had a screenplay, which was a problem with the other companies that were going to do it. I didn't have a screenplay on *Young Dean* or *Secret Honor* or *Secret Honor*. I said 'I'm not going to write anything and Sam's not going to write anything.' Here's what I plan to do . . . All the other companies demanded a

screenplay. And I said, I won't do it. Then Carson came along and said, "We'll do it and we can produce it and watch the money that you spend."

"Golan and Globus were fine. They never bothered me, they never came around. They've got a very big organization. But I wasn't very happy with a lot of the people I had to deal with once the film was finished. They didn't know what stereo was; they never would follow through. The poor's no good. The later negative is terrible. The later film's movement on the screen. It's just sloppy work. But they can't attend to all that, they just don't have anybody who knows. They're growing in taste too fast, probably. But I'm going to do another little film with them."

*"I never think that I'm shooting for any particular audience. An artist does what he does."*  
Robert Altman doing what he does on the set of *Quatermain* (1979)



"You know, *A Wedding and a Death* I wanted to do on the theatre. I wrote them both as theatre pieces, but it's impossible to get that many people on stage for any length of time. And people say, 'Oh, you're doing all these theatre things. Why don't you do things like *A Wedding and a Death*?' Well, they were theatre pieces. It's just that you didn't have the knowledge that they were."

## On the HOMOGENIZA- TION OF AMERICA

"I don't like the southwest at all. I find it very fake. You go into a restaurant, and it's a McDonald's or a Taco Bell. They've succeeded in making America absolutely the duller place, the most uninteresting place to live in the world — the whole country! I don't care whether you're in Nashville, Tennessee, or Portland, Oregon, or Santa Fe, New Mexico; you find the same clothes to buy, the same food to eat, the same movies to see. There's no reason to go to those places."

"There was a time when I was going to Chicago and I would say, 'There's a great German restaurant' and 'You can find such and such there' or 'That's the place to buy a watch.' But who wants to go to Chicago? Who wants to go anywhere? It's starting in Europe too. It spreads with the commercial class."

"The people are all the same. I think the idea of striving for something has been totally taken out. They sit and they're bombarded by television. They should be afraid they believe all that shit! We've got real kindergarten problems in the United States. Children in America are ultra-competitive. They've been so trained by previous television that they think they're not supposed to stare and absorb anything. They just have this in front of them, and then it disappears. I think there has to be a conscience."

*"I don't care whether you're in Nashville, Tennessee, or Portland, Oregon; you find the same clothes to buy, the same food to eat."*  
Jennifer Salt on Robert McCord (1978)



## Films and PLAYS

"I did an interview with German television this morning and the woman said, 'I didn't like your picture. Don't you think it was a little old-fashioned?' I replied one of Tennessee Williams. Well, Tennessee Williams's dialogue and presentation and repetitions are simply not very much to do with Sam Shepard's style of writing. But it's the players feeling thing that people have to do when they try to understand something. I'd never thought I'd just accept it."

"If you don't know *Fool for Love* was a play that's what I mean. All the people who write about it, like you, have seen the play. So they present it to the public as this film of that play. And the film public is really not interested in theatre. So these things all die because the knowledge is out that they're based on theatre."

"There's always this thing of being an overcoat, a box, a coat onto the capitalist. I'm not going to argue with anybody, because that's the way it is. And I'm certainly not going to change what I do to try to satisfy what you want. If I succeed and people come and say, 'Oh, that's the best picture I've seen in my life. I've seen it seventeen times', I think they're as crazy as you and the German woman are. I can't make the films you want me to make. I can just show you the films I've made."

## Sam Shepard and FOOL FOR LOVE

"Two, maybe three years ago, Sam saw *Corned Beef* to the 5 and 11th, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean. I didn't know him — I still don't know him very well. But he wrote me a letter saying he had a new play. He liked what he had seen in Jimmy Dean and, if I liked this new play, maybe I could make a film out of it."

"About two years later, I was in Paris, and it came back to my mind, mostly because Amy Madigan was there, and her husband, Ed Harris, had been in *Fool for Love* onstage. So I called Sam and said: 'Maybe I can do this now.' And he said: 'Who're you using?' And I said: 'Well, why don't you play the part?' He said: 'Oh, I can't do that'. Then, two days later, he came around and said: 'Yes, he would. It took me two years to get to it. It took him two days!'"

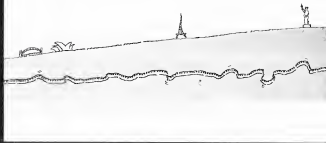
"The idea that started with me all the time was to have a writer like Shepard who's also an actor and who can perform and interpret this autobiographical kind of thing. I don't think he had an affair with his sister. But I think it's about him and the kind of person he is. It's certainly about his father, and the songs are written by his sister if it's a Shepard package."

"He's very private. I think he's a little self-oriented. It's not that he's difficult; he's just not interesting. He wants to finish his work and go play polo. But the working relationship was good: we just didn't become bosom pals. We didn't go out after shooting and get drunk together. He's not very social."

"Sammy said — it's slower and quick — that I made my film between the lines of his play. I was able to show a time warp, when the little girl's three years old, and then there she is an adult at 23, looking at her dad. And when the man goes in to check into the motel, Harry Dean Stanton is just watching himself go in. That was what I wanted to do. I'm not much interested in stories. It's sort of like a visual poem of some kind."

# ma/iCe in

**M**ost of us have complained, at some time or other, that there aren't any serious programmes about cinema on Australian TV. John Baxter felt much the same — until, trying to put one together, he found out why.



Thirty years ago, a young producer named Jim Dale and I made a film appreciation series for TV. Our technique was simple: I'd write a rough script, then we'd choose some clips and edit them out of the films prints in the studio's film library, splicing them back in afterwards. We never cut a Liana Turner or a Liz Taylor vehicle, but Alexander Korda's Hollywood built table, *The Sign of the Cross* (1932), or Michael Curtiz's *The Maltese Falcon* (1931) were just gathering dust before being consigned (literally) to the scrap-heap, used when the rights ran out.

Those golden days came painfully to mind this month, when a second series by Jim and myself, *Filmtrack*, was to debut on ABC Television. The budget for that series was \$59 a programme. The new half-hour 'film track' of *Filmtrack* cost \$150,000, and would have cost

**"None of us wanted to grasp the nettle of copyright," said the BFFs John Hunter. "The films were on the shelf and we thought they would always be there."**

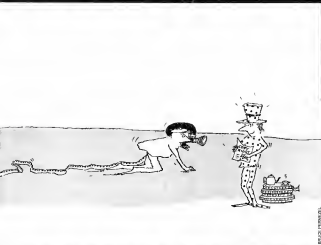
much more without the state-of-the-art Betamax video process, which sharply reduced production costs. They also took a little longer to produce: we signed the contract in April 1985, and delivered in June 1985.

What took the time? I had a clue from John Hunter of the British Film Institute when, years ago, I was researching a feature on the film dealer, Raymond Baker. "None of us wanted to grasp the nettle of copyright," said Hunter. "The films were on the shelf and we thought they would always be there. If anybody bought the rights, surely they wouldn't want to shelve them? But Baker saw that, since the advent of television, every piece of film had a price tag. Commissions and reserves opened up a huge market, and he was the first to exploit it."

*Filmtrack* was commissioned by Paddy Conway of the ABC as a 'personal view' of movies. We talked about *Civilization* and *The Living World*. Privately, I saw it as *The Story in Pictures*, with movies instead of copies. There would be interviews and



# Wonderland



BRUCE PENNINGTON

five hundred requests, but perhaps a third of the sales would be film exports — some Australian, but just as many from films which had influenced us in Hungary: *The Godfather* and *The French Minister Declines*, *The Magnificent Seven* and *The Right Stuff*.

Like the BFI, we didn't anticipate copyright problems. That's kind of characteristic for foreign export shows as back rooms choked with film clips and tapebots. All this can be solved?

We should have been warned by an early error in the wind. About the time we started researching *Filmtrack*, the production manager of the TV science show, *Screen 2000*, asked where she could get a clip from *Frederic*. They served a brief sequence for a segment on genetic

engineering. I knew where there was a copy but, almost as an afterthought, I referred her to the Sydney office of Culverston on the question of rights.

"Culverston say it will cost \$3,000 a minute," she reported back a few days later. Before I could check on "You must be joking!" she went on: "It's high, but I told you. But then they told me they wouldn't approve it anyway, because the character of the monster was being corrupted. What can I do?"

The short answer, it turned out, was: Nothing. Closely guarded, our contacts in distribution admitted that, while they could give an physical possession of clips, they had no broadcasting rights. These belonged entirely to: (a) the US parent company; (b) the US independent producers (e.g., Orion, TriStar, Touch-

stone/Disney) on whose behalf they distributed the films; (c) their own video divisions, which held the cassette rights; and/or (d) the TV network owning the broadcast video rights. On top of this, by agreement with the US, no clip could be broadcast without agreement from the writer.

We phoned Bruce a detailed account of the copyright world — one which was to prove as bewildering and disconcerting as anything ever experienced on the other side of Leslie Carroli's looking glass. Between Bruce, a 24-year-old film student here for what looked like the steep task of clearing rights for *Filmtrack*, because we there so, over twelve months of struggle, we handed down the content of the film and, in the process, became an expert in film copyright.



Back on the John Austin (left) and Jim Clark behind the filmtracks early this

Apprentice Hollywood for clips was, we quickly discovered, useless. The \$2,500-a-minute rate was more or less standard, but, even if we could have paid it, nobody really wanted the money. It was just their way of showing their teeth. The majors just didn't want the aggression of reuniting and clearing copyright for film scholars.

We turned to local producers and found a different, but equally straining, jungle. The bureaucracy that is fast choking our film industry has on tape firmly round the throat of film scholarship. Under one interpretation of copyright law, we were told, any use of a film funded under BOLA legislation required the agreement of every creator. The most helpful producer can hardly make a handset phone call for a single clip. John Sexton, for instance, did his best, but one refusal was enough to make sure we didn't get *Pier Lap*.

At least with *Pier Lap* we knew the nature of the problem. Hereafter, we encountered only anonymity. The New South Wales Film Corporation gave a blank refusal, without explanation. Even though producers like Richard Mason were agreeable to us using excerpts from *One Night Stand* and *Pier Lap*, the NSWFC was adamant. So were Kennedy Miller who, in what is now apparently a standard ploy, declined permission to see any clip from their production. The South Australian Film Corporation agreed to the use of *Firestorm* and *Brother Moses* — but only if written permission was received from every actor appearing in the extract. (On the day a courteous batch of a permit arrived from Edward Woodward, my associate of the actor rose substantially.)

Woodward, thank god, was the producer of a growing stream of supporters for the series. A chat with Saul Zaentz during his Australian visit to promote *Amadeus* gave us access to clips from that film, and HandMade Films in London allowed us access from *Five Good Men*. To name just a few of the Australian producers who helped, David Effect gave us *Undercover* and *Startrack*, Pat Lovell *Power* at Manjary Rock, Matt Carroll (creator of the way to our site of *Problems* and *Brother Moses*), and Tony Buckley allowed access to such films as *Caddis*. Film Australia negotiated a special rate for its productions.

Once the bundle of historical rights was cleared, we faced the TV stations. Initially, their resistance seemed unbearably hostile — until we discovered that producers of some earlier documentaries on Australian films (and one in particular) had simply written to get TV clearance for the clips they used. Local stations had left a version of all film from which all who followed would suffer. Considerable diplomacy was needed before the networks came round and gave us their generous assistance.

So, we had the new films. But what about the classics? The National Film and Sound Archive was helpful in locating films and making them available for preview, but with every point came the inevitable reminder that rights were our problem.

To start with, just who does own the rights to a *Fortes* serial, an *Amadeus* classic, a *Barry* soap serial or a new wave? Some questions were more easily answered than others. Eisenstein's films are claimed by a Sydney company (it asked for a script of the programme in which we proposed to use a clip of *Battleship Potemkin*, then

refused clearance with a vengeful, six-page letter filled with Socratic theses). We had negotiated the responsible use of suggesting that the Soviet government had not been entirely happy with Eisenstein or his work.

Other problems were harder to crack. Who controlled Charlie Chaplin's films? And what had become of *The Australian* with Love, the film made by Swedish director Stig Björkman as a protest against the burning of his house, *I Love, You Love*, from the 1969 Sydney Film Festival?

It turned out the literary agency, Curtis Brown, now administered the Chaplin rights. And Anthony Searle, long after the rest of us had given up hope, found that Mal Byrning in Melbourne had kept one of the only surviving cery of *The Australian* with Love, because he co-wrote appeared in it. It is now a major part of an approach on film censorship called "You Can't Say That".

As for the search for classic films, it led us into the shadowy world of the film collector. Film is usually copyrighted for 26 years, with an option to renew for a further 26. Technically, then, any film more than 52 years old should be in the public domain. But films can be reissued with a soundtrack or a commentary, and re-copyrighted in the new version. Oh, since film and literary copyright laws differ, the film may be in the public domain, while the script remains protected.

**David Williamson and Peter Sculthorpe describe their experiences at the Saturday matinee, and Chris Haywood confesses he learned to ride a horse before emigrating to Australia, assuming there were cars here but "probably not enough to go round"**

Until an Australian/US copyright agreement was signed in the seventies, little level protection existed for American films, though the British material was marginally safer — a hangover from the old Empire days. There is no shortage of public-domain material freely available from reputable dealers that why were *Blackmail*, *The 39 Steps* and *The Lady Vanishes* free, while we could get nothing by Michael Powell, Anthony Asquith or David Lean? It was a world of loose ends and dead ends and came out of a thousand prints who would say "Right? Don't ask me about right? You want 'em or not?" All but gibbering at that time, we usually decided not, and went looking for films where the film went clear.

Towards the end, an American company offered us a catalogue of features ranging from *Amadeus* *Saved* to *Last Year at Marienbad*. Every film, they insisted, had slipped through the copyright net into the public domain. The films were seen for \$100 a minute — with Lloyd of London litigation insurance to back up the deal. Evidently, we didn't accept. By then, we had a insight, with the help of a network of friends, to get together what we needed.

It is no exaggeration to call this a unique series: those participating make it so. David Williamson and Peter Sculthorpe describe

their experiences at the Saturday matinee, and Chris Haywood confesses he learned to ride a horse before emigrating to Australia, assuming there were cars here, but "probably not enough to go round". Pat Lovell and Joan Long and Richard Davis and Richard Mason frankly discuss financing, in the episode called "Other People's Money" (Joan reminding us with some venom that "raising money is the most least-time activity known to man").

Taking *Startrack* as an object of study, we followed in a third round Sydney, recording Gillian Armstrong, Russell Boyd and Brian Thompson on the problems of production. We were hired from the grab where it was shot — publishers have long memories — but miraculously found Thompson's original model for the job set on a shelf in Matt Carroll's house. Equally unexpectedly, we heard *Dear Anna* describe how the books her back doubling Jo Kennedy is a comic fall.

Indeed, the unscripted became almost poetic. Anna Barker described the bits from *My Brilliant Career* and *Brother Moses*, then offered, out of the blue, one of the series' best scenes, about how two elephants stampeded on *Robbery Under Arms* when a wind machine was applied too liberally to their backs. "When a pig it isn't in film," we all thought — until it turned out a documentary team from Independent Productions had been there and shot the whole incident, without making anything but some video.

Not one person whom we asked to interview denied us time. Nobody asked for money. It was a delightful and unexpected affirmation of what one had always thought: that, among serious, professional filmmakers, goodwill outweighs vanity and spite.

What conclusions from all this sound and fury? Most obviously, so the rules stand, it is almost impossible to protect, in Australia, any serious programme on cinema, whether current or retrospective. The film production, distribution and exhibition industry, the Film Commission and Corporation, the independent filmmakers and television in general are eternally ill-prepared to deal with the demand for film study materials that will follow inevitably in the wake of a new popular and educational interest in cinema.

Above to those who plan their own documentaries on film? I can only paraphrase James Thurber's conclusion to *Memories of a Dog*, about his years as a newspaper journalist. Saying that he is reporting to go on the magazine business, he concludes: "Now I have a little piece of advice to all my readers, both boys and girls. Stay out of the magazine business."

Boys and girls, stay out of the film appreciation business. But, if you must die just it, take your copy of *After in Wonderland* along.



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# The AFI Awards: into the Twilight Zone



No less weird, it seems, is complete without a twist. In early September 1983, the Australian film community was in a state of panic about tax, and rumored that way until the grim but scarcely fatal news was announced just over half-way through the month. Everyone, on the other hand, was looking forward to the annual get-together and media blitz of the AFI Awards, held on 14 September. This year, the crocodile was the killer was round; the future of film finance doesn't seem quite so bleak, but the AFI Awards are in all kinds of strife.

Not, of course, that some kind of conflict has ever been entirely absent from the Awards, at any rate recently. The heady-reverendized industry dinosaurs of the seventies, which provided the TV speculators of the eighties, have faded into memory. And, since the beginning of the decade, there have been growing rumblings of discontent from cinema quarters, centering on claims that the Awards may perhaps, as the AFI's new Director, Vicki McKenna, candidly puts it up, be "too arty and not useful to the industry."

Put at its simplest, the problem is that films that do well with the punters have a tendency to do a great deal less well with AFI voters. And, recognizing that, the producers of the year's major box-office hits have, of late, not been entering their films. Last year, *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* was a notable absen-

der. The film's production company, Kennedy Miller, claimed that a grant would not be ready in time for the screenings. But the film hasn't shown up this year, either, suggesting that it was less a case of unable than unwilling.

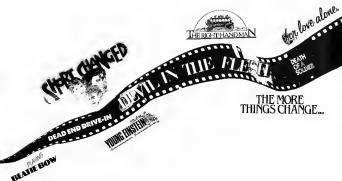
In 1980, the Crofilm of the decade, *Crocodile Dundee*, has similarly not been entered (though it has not, as *Pan's* screaming headline declared, been "BANNED"), and there are a string of other, smaller no-shows: the Barrow-Dixon production, *Cool Change* ("not AFI style," says Barrow-Dixon's Dennis Wright), a couple of independent exploitation flicks, *Fear Game* and *Louison* (also, one presumes, not really up the AFI voters' street), and a couple from Crowdforth — their "last film", *I Love With My Dad*, and *Reverie*. "After a discussion with our theatrical marketing consultant, Terry Jenkins," says Ian Crawford, "we decided not to enter them in the AFI Awards, because it wouldn't be worthwhile." Jenkins, it is worth remembering, was also theatrical marketing consultant on *Crocodile Dundee*.

The absence of two possible further contenders — Barrow-Dixon's *Free Enterprise* and PBL's *Shirville* — can apparently be explained by the fact that they are not yet entirely ready. *Free Enterprise* will, says Dennis Wright, be another three months in the pipeline, and *Shirville* is currently being looked at in a double-hat

version by a potential US distributor (temporarily finished). "We didn't," says producer Bryan Keen, "want to go to the trouble and expense of preparing a show piece that might have to be sent afterwards."

Producers are, of course, perfectly entitled to withhold their films. The AFI Awards are not a statutory requirement and, in the case of films with good commercial prospects, they do not, as do the Oscars, give a major box-office boost (estimated at anything up to \$18 million in the case of an Oscar for Best Picture). But the AFI are also made up of craft awards which, most they are decided by peer-group voting, do mean a lot to Australia's film-makers.

One major victim over the last couple of years has been cinematographer Dean Semler, whose magnificent work on *Thunderdome* last year was not eligible, and whose work on *Shirville* is now also out of contention ("There is no doubt in my mind," says the admirably biased Keen, "that Dean would have won"). But, leaving aside the technicians whose work is robbed of peer-group recognition (other possible losers this year include Russell Boyd for *Crocodile Dundee* and Andrew Lissner for *Fear Game*), the crisis threatening the AFI Awards goes deeper than the no-shows (three, possibly four, films out of 25) suggests. For the non-contenders are, of course, a symptom



rather than a mass.

In the first place, it is not certain, at time of going to press (early August), when this year's AFI Awards will take place, what form they will take and where they will be held — all of which puts something of a strain on their credibility as a high-profile showcase for Australia's films. If irregularity is added to successive "betweens", the chances are there will be even more no-shows next year — if, indeed, there is a next year.

The screenings were held, as usual, in July and August. But the annual Awards, originally scheduled for 5 September as a Sydney venue and with a concert, in that year, on the Ten Network, now look like being an end-to-late October. And, whenever they are held, they won't be home on Ten.

It all started to go wrong in the early part of this year, while the champagne at the AFI directorship was taking place. According to Network Ten's Business Manager, Day Durston, it was the day which was the major stumbling block. When an available venue could be found for 5 September — and, says Durston, the Network's director of production, John Mann, had been working flat-out to find one, with the search going as far afield as Newcastle — the tyranny of the spring calendar began to exert itself. With such major events as the Melbourne Cup and the various sporting final, the Network's

outside broadcast facilities tend to be over-stretched from late October onwards.

A later date was necessary, says Vicki Molloy, because there were more films, because this year's awards will, for the first time, include overseas and television, and because the whole schedule of judging has become more extensive. In the end, negotiations between the AFI and Ten stretched an ingrate Durston to admit that there was "absolutely no qualitative criteria" for the Network putting out. That may be true. But the failure of any other network to step in and fill the gap suggests, in the very least, the possibility of some assessment of the entertainment value of the Awards.

One problem often cited is the fact that the prizes go to films which most television will not see and, as well over half the cinema, could not have seen. Even if *Cremorne* Dunder had been included, only one of the 26 films would have had a public release by 5 September, and only two of those (*Cremorne* Dunder and *Beats & Wilds*) would have been seen in all widely — a situation very different from other, similar, awards ceremonies, such as the Cannes, British, BAFTA Awards, France's César's and even New Zealand's recently introduced COFTA Awards.

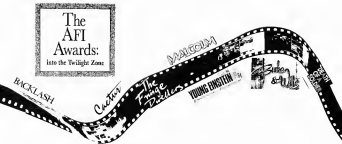
If it is, however, a kind of chicken-and-egg situation, without the Awards, certain films might not get a release. An AFI prize does boost certain films — *Cremorne*, *Pe* *Right*

*Here You, Also* and *Fern* are obvious recent examples — and can help others find a distributor. As it is, says Molloy, a number of producers are currently expressing concern that their chances of getting a release reduce as the Awards recede. Others, though, are less sure of the advantages of a big, flashy telecast, feeling that, over the past couple of years, the films have become almost secondary to the Awards spectacular — a state of affairs which doesn't do much for "profile." "I don't think," says one major producer, "that anyone is going to slash their wrists if the awards aren't telecast."

That is probably a minority view, however. And, if the AFI cannot deliver a winner by October, next year's Awards seems, if not doomed, at any rate destined to be on a much smaller scale. Some sort of, of course, that this would better serve their role of rewarding excellence in filmmaking, not promoting profits in the industry. But this is not a view shared by Vicki Molloy. "We will be taking a very close look at the awards and the judging criteria in the future," she says. And the objectives behind the institutions will, she says, be three-fold: much closer involvement of the film industry in the management of the Awards ("We must be seen to be serving the industry's needs"); the continued recognition of achievement and excellence in Australian filmmaking; and maximum public awareness.

# The AFI Awards:

into the Twilight Zone



To get all or any of this, Molloy will first have to find a new sponsor. The AFI Awards are not cheap to produce — last year's administration expenses, it costs will over \$300,000 to get the show on the road — and major sponsorship is an absolute necessity. But Westpac's three-year sponsorship is not being renewed and, with the Australia's Cup and the Bunnings just round the corner, 1988 is proving to be one of the hardest years ever for securing major commercial sponsorship of the arts. As Molloy puts it, "the big hardy party and the big ball race have spoiled up all the available funds". Also, the arts, though in a new style of management abroad which is less inclined to value the non-quantifiable benefits of arts sponsorship.

Industry criticism of the existing Awards, of which Molloy is very much aware, and which she has vowed to take into consideration, centres on the sorts of films which need to win the prizes and, by extension, the judging procedures and criteria. There is also a recurring dissatisfaction with screening conditions, reaching a climax this year with multiple complaints about the sound and picture quality at the East End 1 in Melbourne. Dolby soundtracks could not be handled, and the overall sound system was so bad that David in the First producer John B. Murray apparently considered withdrawing his film altogether, feeling that it could not be properly screened under the prevailing conditions.

There are, however, technical problems which could (and should) be rectified. The basic problem goes much deeper — so much deeper, in fact, that, at a recent meeting of the Screen Production Association of Australia, a reported 60% of members apparently expressed opposition to having anything whatever to do with the Awards.

SPAA President John Wesley would not confirm this figure, and was reluctant about discussing the matter. "What has happened over a period of years," says Wesley, "is the feeling that there ought to be industry awards." But there are, he stresses, no immediate plans to introduce anything like this, and SPAA's position is, for the moment, a neutral one. It has advised its members to enter their films, but has declined to collaborate directly in the

organisation of the Awards.

There are, on the other hand, growing rumours that the AFI will be asked out of the prestigious position in 1987. Plans for an Australian film "Academy" — a cross-guild organisation representing all film-production interests — have been around for some time, and have already been fuelled by recent AFI-Award problems. Wesley would not be drawn on how such plans might affect the future of the Awards — "It's an Academy mood," he said, "it could shake horribly anything" — but they will almost certainly be on the agenda at the industry get-together planned for late November at Theodora, which would give ample time for alternative arrangements to be made for the 1987 Awards.

Molloy is, of course, aware of such moves, and has a few alternative options of her own, including a revised telecast, possibly by the ABC, which might be more in the nature of a review of the year's production, with the Awards included, rather than a TV spectacular with the Awards as its sole focus. Another way of deflecting industry criticism, says Molloy, might be to have all the voting done by post parcel — a prototype system which is being tried out with this year's judging of the nominees and telecasters — or to have some kind of pre-selection (which was also apparently rejected this year).

As both Molloy and the industry are aware, of course, the danger with industry-controlled awards is that they could — like the UK record industry's Grammy Awards — become organs of self-congratulation, in which the year's most successful films scoop the pool, while things such as innovation lie, for that matter, conveniently to a back seat. In some ways, it comes down to a simple question: should the AFI Awards be "critical", or should they be "promotional". There is little doubt which the industry would prefer, and Molloy is going to have a hard time balancing the various interests.

It is ironic that all this should be going on in a year in which the AFI screenings, after last year's low point, have revealed as Australian film industry very much back on its feet, with, by general consensus, only two or three slumps in a slate of 25 films. At time of writing, sixteen of the films already have distributors, and five have already opened.

Ironically, one of the year's better received films, *Death of a Soldier* (aka *London and War Story*), is still very much on the shelf, as a result of yet another dispute, this time with the Australian Theatrical and Amusement Employees Association over crew payments. Until the ATAEA dispute is settled — and, at time of writing, it seems possible it won't be — the film remains blacked.

On a brighter note, Nadia Tass's comedy, *Malcolm*, seems, on the basis of informal enquiry, to be the best favourite for Ben Páris, with a probable winning score of 6-4 on *Cactus*, *Death of a Soldier*, *The Fringe Dwellers*, *Emerson*, *The More Things Change* and *Short Changed* all seem to be in there with a chance, too. So, in the pages that follow, we have, with all due reservations, made one or two tentative predictions for the four main categories.

The combined budget on this year's features is \$38,594,400 — an average of \$2.3 million (if the seven no-shows are included, the average goes up by \$220,000). Just under half the films (twelve) were based in New South Wales, with eight in Victoria, two in Queensland, and one each in the other three states. Fifteen of the 25 have contemporary settings and, of the remainder, only six are true "period" (i.e. pre-20th century) films.

The unusual television section contains nine miniseries (*Barrett's Island*, *Colour on the Green*, *Darling Buzz*, *The Dumbo Boy*, *A Fortunate Life*, *Land of Hope*, *Palace of Dreams*, *Robbery Under Arms* and *Shower*), *The Story of Johnny O'Keefe* and nine telefeatures (*Archer*, *Breaching*, *Op*, *Displaced Persons*, *Double South*, *I Can't Get Started*, *The Long Way Home*, *Natural Causes*, *The Projectorist* and *Book Squared*). Given the criterion for inclusion — a release between 31 May 1987 and 31 May 1988 — these are a number of no-shows here, too, including the year's highest rated miniseries, *Amour* (which, like *Coal Miner*, comes from the Barrow/Diana stable), *A Thousand Shores* and *Body Business* are also missing from the nominees list as, in the television area, are *Headbush* with *Care*, *The Last Worker* and *Robbery*. The eighteen contenders will be voted on by two panels, one in Melbourne, one in Sydney, whose composition — like so much else in this year's Awards — has still to be decided.











## Bruce Petty's history lesson

**The Movers lives up to its name with a hectic two-week schedule**

On Monday we did the industrial revolution and produced Ron Saunders rather effectively, half way through the second and last week of production on Film Australia's \$400,000 50-minute television *The Movers*.

With original idea, concept drawings and script by one of Australia's few theatre artists, the national and filmmaker Bruce Petty, *The Movers* may be a small-scale production by current Australian standards, but its ambitions are high. And its production team is unusual too for what, by normal definitions, is a short: the director is Gil Denney (his first helming job since Anne's Corring Guit), the production designer is Larry Entwistle (bright off *David Gulp Green*), and the cameramen (the *Chatterbox*) and the leads are Drew Partridge and Lewis Lusby.

Then of course there's Bruce Petty, who is third people's choice for being on the project. *The Movers* is part, visionary tale, part comic journey of reason through the history of technology from the invention of the wheel to the art of nuclear power.

"I suppose in a way it is an exploration of the political outcomes I was doing," says Petty. "It's an attempt to see whether you can develop an abstract sort of idea in a medium that is really lost in identifying a hot spot and instead reach. Like all our journals, I'm continually asked to do drawings on these sort of subjects. But the sort of things people could do to one another. And one of the silly things we do to one another is tell technology decide how we're going to live instead of you know, deciding what we'd like and finding the technology to do it. We've had a hundred years of it now, and I think people are entitled to ask, 'What's a

fair period in which you could expect a system to start getting it right?'

The two central characters of *The Movers* are young people, who own their intellects — mostly their own. A female, brown-painted, mostly old-camp stripper, all sort of other. (I imagine as it travels through time, encounters like this, and riding. Heath Robinson seems preposterous, Formula One aerators and spools, and some minor military hardware.

Petty is anxious to stress that *The Movers* is a film about who uses the decisions and why, rather than an anti-technology film. Which is just as well, given the stacks of half-million-dollar technology being used to bring the film in on time and budget. *The Movers* uses Ultralite, a sophisticated blue-screen process supervised by Gerry Gough of Citicorp, which enables back-grounds, background effects, and even foregrounds to be dropped in around the live actors.

But, rather than use the normal blue-screen technique of putting actors in front of matt, but unmovable backgrounds, Entwistle and Petty are often quite a different effort. We're doing it very intensely," says Entwistle, "and the whole idea is to get it some of colour."

The intensity is also what appealed to Entwistle. "So much of the work today is dealing more and more realistic," he says. "Basically, you're doing this, doing some of that being seen. We're trying not to be totally realistic, then, which gives you a lot more freedom. It's more like a 50-minute rock clip than anything else."

The \$400,000 budget, though, left a high by Film Australia standards, and as much as you can spend on a 50-minute television programme," says Denney, who also helms the end, would have been three times higher without "a devoted band of Australian technicians."

Already, says Saunders, a lot of interest has been shown by a couple of Australian commercial channels, by PBS in the States, and by both the BBC and Channel 4 in the UK. And it's the controversial side of the project — the questioning of our current priorities on energy and technology — which is the real plus factor when promoting *The Movers*, thinks Saunders. "I certainly hope so," he says, "because that's why we're making it."

*"We've had a hundred years of it now, and I think people are entitled to ask, 'What's a fair period in which you could expect a system to start getting it right?'"*

*Petty's assistant, Lorna Lesley and  
Doris Fitzgerald on their window  
break in The Mowers. Facing page  
will show Doris Petty*















By taking her patients with a working knowledge of the law, she has a few advantages over her colleagues.

Car off from help — if indeed the stereotypically redneck policeman in the nearby town could be described as such — Jess is forced further and further onto the defensive until, stripping on a Rembrandt-style headboard and into bed, Pango is faced on a bed with Sunny, meant to fly down and Sponzo is impaled on the stairs end of an arrow.

For factor as an unbridled as  
position movie, a hint for a well-  
tuned course, and their success on the  
world video market (just the *Movie*  
edition of *Cinema* Popcorn 50 July  
1998) has proved — not if anyone  
needed to know — that purists  
really not film about beautiful  
young women in loose-fitting art  
and invisible shorts who are much  
given to taking a shower (it gets very  
hot in the showering/looking back your  
see), and who are put in jeopardy by  
a bunch of unscrupulous cops.

As exploration, *Full Grown* is a surprise gem for the curious, though its first half after a very piece of staid work involving Jans's life. The Boreal and a refrigerator truck full of emergency supplies is a little slow. Similarly, a number of laboriously built-up bits of suspense and revelations: turning a sudden light when a bird's pain loses in a closed room (what may — who knows? — be a harbinger to the flight from which the

Rounded about the shipwreck through, Ray Garono seemed to be in genuine exercise and top-notch condition, despite his age. He was a right indigenous realtor. The people in a scene in *Jana* as strapped to the front of the boat. For long periods to the top bars, the scene and looked suggestively at with a long knife. She is then drawn about, struggling and screaming while the men guffaw and then Garono's ghost. It is a bold scene. It's expressive, and it's the best of the best. It's a scene that's not just a scene, it's a scene that's a scene.

And I think every — from the winter at least — all supporting the beleaguered commercialism of the film, leaving one with at best, a priding respect for Andrew Loomis' cinematography and a muted admiration for Cassandre Delaney's brave battle against stereotypes. *Four Girls* is a thoroughly rinky piece of work, pertaining to a lot of attitudes a pre-war Hollywoodist is unlikely to

If the only way we can make an impact on the world's radio market is by proving that Australia can deliver our exploitation foods like my scum-bag, freshwater chicken pox, then the last two years, 1984, or no 1984, have been really much the same.

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**Fall Game** Directed by Mike Anderson. Producers: Ann Saunders and Hasty Murray. Screenplay: Bob George. Director of photography: Andrew Lowe. Music: Arnie Jan. Editor: Andrew Francis. Cast: Gena Jones, Gailyn (Jessica) Peter Ford (Gary), Gary Allen (Gary), David Sanford (Ralph). Production company: Southern Film International. Distributor: CFI. 85mm. 90 minutes. Available: 1985.



## Midday express

The credits are in red over a black antiplane rendition of the famous 'vicio' news clip of the slaughter of the demonstrators on the steps of the cathedral in San Salvador, joined with intermittent flashes and convulsant bursts of motion. The title music sounds like it was written for a forties B movie (no synthesizers, no computers).

Paradox and action are clearly provided by such other United States authors, such as Robert Maynard and Rogers, and Rogers to develop its central character, the young journalist Richard Rogers and his relationship with the world.

But the scenarios which this is supposed to happen are flat and pointless. The dialogue between James Woods as Block and Jim Belushi as Brock is crumbly with, and they stay it down. There's almost no plot, and the ending

We are suggested to see *Wendy* as getting to *Harriet* & *Thompson* are *Dear John* again, yet *Wendy* is exactly what is missing and we have all too much time to insure *salience* while the couple move into their way towards El Salvador and the movie we have going to see

Then things can't better for it while Brutally doesn't reduce violence and brutality is what the Conservative movement is all about. It takes only a short time for us to recognize that at spite of all these self called teachers, Rogers and Rock are an answer again in compassion with Mayor Mike's bully boys and the US Congress a racist spoils.

Oliver Stone, who directed or wrote co-produced and costarred in it, supporting role, treats the forces of aggression like villains from an old boy movie: the Native doctors resist (kill) bravely, if stupidly; the cops, while the Americans are ruthless corporate robots who only come alive at noon. Suburbia is not Jesus' domain and, as a lot of

smoke billows over the screen in the  
night.

From time to time, we also taken on side-highs-to feel. If you didn't already know that Steve's leg writing could was downright *Expensive*, you could guess it from the jaded way these sequences of belching guns are presented.

Swallowtail prices against long term prices usually reflect his & good money. But Salvador hopes coming back to Woods being an actor being Richard Boyle and Woods has to be one of the most mechanical sales specialists in the business. All his toys are pre-programmed making the most he has not Christopher. Without it, some other real people.

But that is because I kept wanting Salvador to be a movie it was not. A movie which does the right thing and has the honor it deserves. Actually, Woods's performance is of a piece with the rest of the film calculating and exploiting dishonest and mass. Strangely enough, these are the qualities which make the film great.

My most conventional standards  
Alexander is a bad rapist and I  
don't wish teachers of this review to  
expect anything else of it. Yet when  
I was over it found I agreed with it  
far more completely than I usually do  
with those with political views like  
my own. If had done what it set out  
in the title, what for?

I think it's because in the end it's good — very good — like David C. Montgomery in *The Atlantic*. Politics is good because it is a natural progression like that way in natural law — both of them forced because they are so obviously dishonest. Only a fool would believe in the political engagement of what is so clearly a *Living Force* and it is like to cockle sensation in its emotional safety and violence so manipulative in its sentiment and its own failure.

More propaganda is needed and reward turning concerned to let the world the value of the cause is important. But it is hard to be convincing about virtue in these cynical times. *Sublime is a strong virtue*

*Experiencing the music culture*  
 David James Wright, 47/1, 1992  
 James Wright on rap and Tony  
 Brown at Mike Marz at Scholastic

negative and I believe what it says  
means we all believe we need it.

Free political films can have boosted the Good Guys more perfunctory and with less conviction than this one. The warts on the side of the inviolable are laid quickly on said of the person like Moses cut calls, while the details of repression get partly of how to stand their stuff in all dimensions. And the result is that in the end what matters is that evil not the positive good of the inviolable.

As the last paragraphs from Bayle's only polemic work feature a list of names that can sometimes feel like the suffering of others. From this external foundation Salvador builds on once it does not want to stop injustice, explode from violence against custom or repression. It only wants to stop the system.

Surely this is enough for a film to "succeed." A film is only a film after all. You can't really want more, but that's not the point. The business of ideology and belief. I can believe in a far watch only tells me that hunting is bad, a film which is only effective when it is showing two people in pain. So many other time-wastings to displease me, again, never.

[illegible]

**Salvador** Directed by Oliver Stone  
Producers: Donald Green and David  
Stone Executive producers: John De-  
mme and Dennis Dugan Associate pro-  
ducers: Bob Weinstein and Michael A. We-  
instein Screenplay: Michael Kopp and  
Oliver Stone Director of photography:  
Robert Minkoff Producer: Peter  
Bunte Editor: Chris Simpson  
Music: Georges Deloyne Cost: James  
Woods Director of design: James  
Woods Director of photography: John  
DeMme, Michael Alpaugh (Monte-  
carlo), Thomas Fink, John George (epi-  
cumentary), Jacopo Costa (Italy), Guy  
Flau (Italy) Music: Mads Production com-  
pany: Herbolte Distributor: GFL  
Length: 125 minutes, 1984, RRR



about Frog joining a wacky, sexed head-worshipping school. But, although Eisen Stern works hard to bring the character alive, there is not much of a stereotyped wacky, sexed head-worshipping school can really say.

In such films, *Inside* Cost *Aspet* and *Heater* *Seader* *glath* *temal* *an* *fr* *stayed* *there* *is* *some* *insight* *into* *the* *nature* *of* *the* *killers*. *But* *Aspe* *to* *Mothers* *is* *primarily* *a* *story* *of* *surface* *incidents*. *Blood* *Singis* *could* *get* *away* *with* *that* *because* *of* *its* *spatial* *intimacy*. *But* *in* *Aspe* *to* *Mothers*, *the* *setting* *is* *mostly* *and* *essentially* *emotionally* *neutral*. *Experiences*

A series of increasingly powerful violent and crazy protagonists eventually lead us to the point where all the script arrows have so clearly been pointing — a pitifully inadequate and dense spine (the thoroughly shameless) mad dog Johnny almost immediately departs in the faded *Demolition Man*.

As for *Mo'Nique*, it is a formula story that does not seek the enhancement in its production of character style, wit, passion or intelligence. The only thing remotely new in it is its overt intended violence.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

**Advisory Committee:** Chaired by Julie Power, Producer, *Desecrated*, Lynsey Douglas, producer, *Heart of Darkness*, Ian Crawford and Tony Simpson, Associate producers, Michael Laine, Screenplay, David Blackstad, edited and the novel by John Green, Script editor, Brian Singer, Editor of picture, Jennifer Burt, Music, *Desecrated*, Channing Pollock, Director, Music, Film, Sound Editor, Michael Strassler, Second Second, Andrew Harnage, David John Waters (Catering), Steve Jacobs (Class Member), Henry Jones (Baritone), Clancy Dalton (Song), Barbara White, Joseph Roth (Casting), Helen Spinkov, Production company, Crawford, Simpson, 7 and 2 July 1995, 1995, 2 x 2 television movie, Australia, 1995.

The fictional history of playwright Sam Shepard is vivid. His characters tell of a mythical landscape of lonely roads, prisons, *Penobscut*, and cowboy dreams. He delves into the untold of American myth. "We stopped on the prison at a place with huge white plastic dinosaurs standing around in a circle. There was no town. Just these dinosaurs with lights strung up all them from the legs and... the bottom."

It is a vision of America often found in the films of Robert Altman: *Thelma & Louise* (1991) and the depiction of the Dodge City bar in a westernish Southern California landscape. There is a caption on the surface of the rings — with barely noticeable text and no background

When these two actors are placed together, as they have been in the production of the film *Paulie* by Liner, the director is bound to be a lightning bolt. Shepard is a new winning play, was first staged by the Magic Theater in San Francisco in 1983. It had successful seasons in America and elsewhere before becoming a film (and the all-star vehicle in this season). Under Adler's direction, Shepard also plays the lead. Edder is a first-time leading actor, who stars in the film *Paulie* to make things up with his name. May (Kim Bengtson)

The setting is partially mirrored — a rhyolite ventral mound on the edge of the New Mexico desert. Gnarled pines and the moody evening colors of the desert heighten the intensity of Eddie and Lily's blazing and contentious relationship. "You knew we were connected. This was decided a long time ago," he tells her.

The beginning is very slow and contemplative: a series of long, long takes. It allows Adnan to put a drawn-out exposition of the two characters' personalities. They are two lighters in it: Adnan's character is also involved in a sexual exploration of the natural space — the linkers in the gangster, an empty bar, is children at a swing. Finally, it looks like — just as Eddie and Wiley are forced to play out their masculine games in the

Prancing around on his home tape is banter — an indulgent per former. But his act is often earnest: he looks in the door of May's room with his steel-studded boots. He sends the glasses on the bar rattling with his wings. It is a pathetic gesture: that May recent succumbed to the perky, too-in-a-clinging talk trip. He nervously assures himself, playing up to Gage's comment on "Then she looks back, sideways, then

The keening watcher on the balcony is the dry-eyed Old Man (Haley Dean Aitken and) Hal Harnisch playing kondo a rather chaotic one and it is his stories that are the more philosophical. It was the same day, it just got split into two he says looking back over his life.

Alman chooses to reveal the links between the main characters in recollections of the past. It is clear the more he tells of his life, the closer

should have been focused on the Eli Royce is the original line poetry in the characters' stories is a rich source for our own imaginative play. As Eddie says: "There's not a rhyme within a hundred miles that can match the story I'm going to tell." So why give us the images as they are?

There is, however, some clever cinematography in these scenes, most notably in the way the past and present are diffused. For example, a scene where Edda first sees May as a teenager blends into an image of the present, reminding us of the impossibility of escaping the past. It is typical of African film plays with reflections, beginning the images, dissolving the visual and the narrative scenes.

Shawmy acts like a mischievous clown with a big sexuality and shows up from other recent hits. On *Philly*, they also have dealt with comedians. On *It's Your Love*, she is given a song loaded with poetry, called "The Morning After," which is a dirty song. Her character, Nancy Guedes, is the outside manager to his act, the right sort of a sidekick and very sexy. Though he makes Cagle's a whole new vision of having dancers, this is not in Wyoming, his own world. Philly may not sink, we hope. But it's not enough with Cagle, but it does it with him. [www.fox.com](http://www.fox.com)

The winning country tunes of *Footloose* have reinforced the notion. At first, and performed (in addition to George Thorpe's score) by Shepard's sister, Sandy Rogers, they are about women's liberation and the re-

One of the notable signs that appeared in 1968 in Robert Adams's *Wood for Love* (and on the same side by Shostak)

**FOOL FOR  
LOVE**

possibility of romance. And like the *Clouds*, a result is that some they make a strong emotional bond.

It is on the structural level that *Food for Love* is funniest — strange, because Altman is one of the few directors capable of recreating (not simply fitting) stage plays on the screen. One of the few also whose view of American history and American culture is as simultaneously nihilist and hypercritical as that of Chekhov.

In the final analysis, the emotional and intellectual engagement of Shepard's *Fool for Love* lies in leaving Eddie, Abby and the Dad Men's stories to tell themselves, not in attempting to realise the poetry of their lives. Maybe Almiran was tempted to show too much precisely because his and Shepard's stories are so close.

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[illegible]



## Clan destined

With the arrival of his second film, *Alphaville*, it is obvious that Russel Mulcahy's camera eye is alive once of wonderful from the opening scene—a nightmare swirling track in Mission Square Gardens, superbly shot with a Glycoflex by Gerald Brown—the look of the film is constantly among interesting between a violent modernist sensibility in a car park and an equally violent postmodernist Scottish cattle. The film becomes a kind of kinetic prose between Steve Roper and Jennifer.

The story of righteousness perfect given the barriers, is a triumphingly full life is essentially that of an Indianapolis Times, the struggle between the forces of good and evil. And even though the mystical outer story, these forces are better for the future of all earthly power. In this story it is the Force, a creature, it was the Holy One, in the end, a Poet, the spiritual understanding of the Force. He who has the Force, has the life, it is the only power.

In what may seem like bizarre casting, the French actor Christophe Lambert, best known for his portrayal of Tazou in *Gayatri*, plays the Scottish dancer Connor MacLeod. He is surprisingly effective, not only in his acting strong but in keeping with the rest of the film, for "book" is always understated. Two

Reefed, sail, whips are first seen in New York in 1680 as they are reported later in Scotland in 1830, where but up totally exterminated during a battle. Flying birds are being brought out of the forest by indigenous whips. The monthly discovery that the flies become a nuisance to a whips are as of domestic animals.

Invited by the Mythological Review Panel (George Connery), he has in past or through time and the Gathering where he and other mortals will meet to fight Murgan (Clayton Brown) the evil immortal and [hopefully] win The Prize. The Gathering is at, of course, not for New York in 1988.

If the story sounds ridiculous, that is to the literati's credit that it is told so well. Pretty that is because of the naturalistic approach to sexuality and more generally age. MacLeod's physical character moves slowly out of the novel, then

Send of your all **Cherryblossom** London  
an illustration

He doesn't want to be immortal, and he's afraid of him — for instance, the relationship with his wife, who does age and finally dies, while he stays the same age — is an interesting through-line he explored once

Lillian Hellman's novel *The Children of Men* is a masterpiece of dystopian fiction. It is a story of a world in which women are infertile, and the only way to have children is through artificial means. The novel is a powerful commentary on the dangers of totalitarianism and the loss of individual freedom.

In a flashback sequence, we see a duel in which an increasingly confused and angry husband tries to stab a drunken blacked-out dean; each see the advantages of immortality. But the real action lies in the balance that is carefully built between the two potentially clashing points — fantasy and realistic. (Shapiro)

The swarms between the modern Maryland (now a good 450 years old) and the police, who are investigating his involvement in a number of murders, are full of tension. The reduction by police-chief John Wynn (Foxconnor Hunt) that he is not completely normal is a strong and revealing using the same (old) position of fantasy (or unreality) and myth.

Finally, though the climactic point of the sequence — the explosion and the subsequent lowering — is not only unnecessary but also

Haghighi could have been an awful mess. New York cops on initial questioning, Scottish cleaners all set by the side. As it is, there are indeed a couple of moments when the film goes over the top — the soundtrack by Queen's band, exactly right — but they're too few to worry about. With the analysis Haghighi is an exciting, tightly written and (almost) fully detached thriller.

[illegible][illegible]

## Scot of the Pacific

It was an excellent idea to combine the story of Robert Louis Stevenson's relatively unknown *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with *Service* with a look at the under-explored subject of European settlement in the Pacific. Ultimately however the ABC's *Tuesday* doesn't seem to have made it work. The miniseries suffers from an inconsistent script and a thematic confusion that strongly reflects the split personality of its heroes — or perhaps the more serious cost, homophobia of Stevenson's own Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

**Episodes:** One of the series tries to do too much too quickly. Describing Stevenson's rise from being unknown penniless and a poet to being a popular Victorian novelist stretches in his Edinburgh milieu his family background and his looks off TV. It also deals with his intense love with and marriage to Fanny, an older woman (oh the American side filled with a history of his love

Episode One ends with Lissa and Harry arriving in Boston, where both Harry and the magical stone will sustain Fox (perhaps not) until Fox becomes a man.

The European location is that few recognize that inland Sydney and the distant reaches of Western County are all reacquainting to the lack of overseas development. Angela Parry Muller's recent release, *Unsettled*, discussing as it is, is not as John McEwan's *Scotland* one. But there is no doubt the *Epitaph* One, after all that frantic searching leaves the viewer curious, wondering what the hero and heroine are going to do for the rest of life.

The engine's boosted output is Ekyage Turbo's main draw. The base four-cylinder engine improves airflow and it adds one level of fuel injection.

begin to stroll along at a very tropical pace. Late Victorian colonial society is shown at its worst: bigoted, racist, small minded and conventional, with Louie and a few others the shining, liberal exception.

But the philosophical basis of *El Estudiante* is never captured any more than it was accounted for in *Episodo Oro* or a sketch of the movie. Rather, *Estudiante* comes to the rescue of the good king at Samoa, who is mistaken for a bad king by the soldiers of the colonial government. There is not enough back-ground to the power struggle that takes place between the Europeans and the terrifying island in the Pacific to give more than a superficial contrast for the neo-colonial traces of the construction presented.

The most interesting sections of Tsutsumi are those which portray native Samoan life but their full potential is never realised. Traditional Polynesian society is shown to be under threat from Europeans, but that threat doesn't seem to warrant making it more than just an extension of the background.

And while the museum does succeed in building up some of the tensions between and within these societies and adequately portrays the misadventures of the colonial administration, it doesn't manage to account for the depth of the relationship that must have existed between Europeans and the European societies.

Instead, we get suspects of Stevenson and the Democrats having to hunt Stevenson against the Corns. The Democrats being pushed towards civil war and Stevenson being taken to the press in Europe. With such a significant rendering of the relationship, the road to genocide for Stevenson by the Democrats ends on their

Their island story left to right, Peter Meloy, John Niles, Dorothy Adams, Anne Frank McEvoy and Todd Meyer at the museum, Florida.









Unforgettable (opposite) Harry Mook as Chubbie in *The Lovers' Miller Adler*

Chubbie makes the money for the fight on condition that Laurence takes her along. Her role as patronage — a soft-spoken sponsor — is a convenient disguise that of a cop. A pivotal sequence beginning with a shot of the plane's psychic moving limply between her legs in a pen only assumes a gelatinous phallic pink and with her lying over the controls and herself ignoring a pit in her own sight. Out of a sense of horror and ardour as well as a fear of scandal they set out on their epic voyage with the zealous consent of Sally's wife and parents. And as one inevitably expects Chubbie and Bill become lovers.

The narrative follows the various events at once in together — first falling in love in the USA, as well as new venture into. Throughout the mixed sexual and cultural experiences at the period too Laurence and Miller inevitably into a situation where not desire for marriage and family cannot be fulfilled and their relationship will be at best uncommitted and at worst ruthless and indifferent.

Their journey to the United States at the beginning of a stage drama which culminates in the events surrounding Chubbie's decision to marry a man called Madan Chaska (Wayne Cull) Bill is described.

Like Chaska to found an orchestra that in the end after a beautiful period that — the collapse of the series and its most powerful moment — Laurence is shocked at just that — the expense of Chubbie's director. She becomes her role — the knowledge the dark dangerous and sexually deprived woman — consenting to do so because this is, despite the delicate irony, the only way to save Bill's life. Subjected to terrible abuse from the public and the newspapers, she knows her callous and the couple's bond remains intact.

Laurence may well have been deceived but still in England he is seen twice (lost out by the state of which he was living in Chicago), only partially a resident and unable to get a divorce, he tries to redeem his

reputation by a second breaking act fight from London to New York. But his mission in the dream — a heroic death through most by a combination of social pressure, the need to redeem his reputation at a time when reputation meant everything, a desire and the grotesque actions of his parents in denying Chubbie's desire to marry to buy a plane and look for him.

The times filled with even more a beautiful and subtle a conclusion Laurence's parents are described as an emblematic of religious fanaticism the father (Harry Mook) a particularly involved version of Laurence's father (the other place) Sally (Miller) as a better characterisation and a particular version the brother Laurence's wife to induce a divorce. Anne, however, gives a more cogent if charming reason the parents support her and the children and as a divorced woman she would lose her job.

Along with the complex characterisation of Chubbie Miller it is the end of the detailed background that provides a key attempt to the American context in relation to the psychological treatment to the political implications of the role of women. Perhaps the argument is related to sexual passion perhaps the failure to invoke a simple national sentiment perhaps the theme of two people who fail to realise their dreams are just too difficult to be the subject of the monumental publicity campaign that promote such new members but the *Lovers' Miller* (the director) at least, a second glimpse. **Annette Steiner**

**The Lovers' Miller Adler** Directed by Miller Adler. Producer: Paul Oliver. Associate Producer: David Harvey. Screenplay: Peter Wythorn. Directed by photography: Alan Benjamin. Producer: David Cooper. Music: Frank Thomas. Editor: Richard Hordley. Score: recorded. Best Union. Cast: Harry Mook (Chubbie Miller), Annette Steiner (Laurence), William Robinson (James Chaska), John Miller (Madan Chaska), Jane Miller (Laurence), Gary Hill (Stephen Laurence), Lisa Amey (Anne Laurence). Production company: Laurence Miller Productions. Film producer: Ray Andrew. Box Office: 1986. 2 x 2. Director: David Annette Steiner.

## Mutton dressed as Rambo

For the benefit of those with short memories a recap. A couple of years ago, Portmaw was a notable name children. The packshots looked on Australia's screen. Best Actress for the lead role. But in spite of some substantial credits (high Road to China, The Fox Season), Armstrong was scorned as a mediocre actress, and Equity vetoed her. With a highly theatrical flourish Crawford then ostentatiously

showcased the project, but only long enough to reach a compromise with Equity. Whether or not Portmaw would have gained any real advantage by using Best Actress is largely irrelevant: the film's problems are much deeper than that. But in the important context role of the packshots, Crawford's Sally Jones (Rachel Ward is really out of her depth possessing neither the conviction nor the dramatic range to give the character substance).

It is a doubtful that even Meryl Streep could have saved Portmaw. There are too many holes — credibility gaps and overall attrition on audience loyalty. To take the film as based on the notorious Farley kidnapping is to lend it a bogus sense of reality (that part) in any way be justified by what takes place under the guise of dramatic imagination leaves it begins with a kidnapping, yet that is about as accurate as saying the Colonel Kane is about running a newspaper. What is the significance Portmaw is a tendency to run off to too many decisions.

The production itself is well staged, yet Sally Jones and her small class of prisoners are boxed up in garrets in their country schoolhouse. There is a complete lack of interest in the set. The sense of dread and terror is conveyed by some expert direction and camerawork, as well as by the fact that the kidnappers are wearing novelty masks giving them a grotesque, almost apocalyptic appearance. Up to the point where the answer appears, the film seems to be the very best of Portmaw is fairly impressive. Suspense is mounting, really, and the film moves.

But after the planning starts it is directed all the way. The trouble is her pupils (the film) are a case by the victims who just take it to the next half hour or so, leaving a major gap in the plot development. There is a good deal of too-baldly exploring dark passages and under-activeness, all of which is great for creating a sense of mystery, but marred by audience interest. The gangster in the end completely shatters the momentum generated by the film's opening scenes, dissipating the tension and temporarily leaving the whole affair into something resembling a Farley film sequence.

Naturally they find a way out, striking out across the coast, but all they reach is a farmhouse where, paradoxically and unbelievably, the girls are waiting for them. A lot of violence ensues, but the victims escape, once more, eventually taking refuge in caves, also a good plot formation (the tortoise of the film). Here, they conduct a

holding action against their relentless pursuers until, once again, escape is decided, this time, however. Hence, the Australian bush seemed such a small and disadvantageous place.

But what harms Portmaw even more than its non-linear progression is its abandonment of motivation and logically thought-out behaviour patterns. The motivation (that drives teacher and pupils into a frenzy of bloodlust in the line a plane is not borne out by the experience (they undergo on screen). But it is probable the film can't do otherwise as that is.

But even if we've been dropped plenty of hints that they kill for nothing enough of their acceptance of violence death at a way of life. As they lay down, one of the children is propped up, half-waked, against a fencepost, having waited up all night to shoot a menacing predator. On the way is asked, he remembers to a question: Sally. "You always get on a dead animal for food."

The children are shown as capable of killing, yet are not given sufficient reason for it, and the film's basic is a bad design of dramatic cohesion. These patterns, country side, wrap up an incident at total jungle danger that would bring tears to the eye of a seasoned Green Beret.

By the time, Portmaw has under gone yet another metamorphosis. Having begun as a straight suspense thriller and degenerated into children's adventure, it now becomes a docu-drama in kind of the film, which shows that that, again, is not necessarily, but it is a journey with its own first shot is (Jane Fanning King) Celia is a lush allegory.

For all its faults, Portmaw is not uninteresting in its own confused fashion. However, Chubbie in the plot may be a fairly credible out the whole film. Directors like: Da Maria Spielberg and even Hitchcock are experts at transforming nature into film, and a strong imagination can make a multitude of sense. These films are, however, not put together. Portmaw is not a film, and all the costly images and minutely gloved characters won't disguise that. The inevitable fact: the children are capable, direction effective, with music and sound surprisingly terrific. It is the script and directing which let it down.

**Tom Dring**

**Fortress** Directed by Rob Nicholson. Producer: Ben Munroe. Associate Producer: Michael Laine. Executive producers: Victor Crawford, Joe Crawford and Tony Shephard. Screenplay: David Scott. Directed by photography: David Scott. Produced by: Victor Crawford. Editor: Ralph Simpson. Music: Harvey Goldstein. Sound: recorded. Andrew Hargrave. Cast: Rachel Ward (Sally Jones), Sam Gellman (Doc O'Brien), Rebecca Pidgeon (Meryl), Robin Mason (Dennis), Mel May (Jimmy Crawford), Peter Hays (Father Crawford), David Hays (Mother Crawford), Simon Hays (Daddy Duck), Roger Simpson (the Minister). Production company: Crawford Productions. Film 10mm 21 minutes. Australia 1986.



Left to right, Jane Crawford, Rachel Ward and Sam Gellman in *Fortress*









The plot begins around Roderic Tyler (John D'Ercole), a movie mogul's assistant, who is hired by a United Capitalist agency to stage a film for an important mission. The film grows too effective, however, and Roderic finds himself a marked man.

A few small quibbles aside, the basic premise of *FR* is acceptably bizarre. The action well staged, and the quality of the performances — especially Brian Dennehy as a hard-boiled cop whose life-path eventually crosses Roderic's — is competent.

The pace is fast but uneven; the film's high points are energetic enough, but a halfway dullness and tedious editing (due to its being too much weight where it shouldn't).

What is most striking is a sense of fear it takes a great deal of skill to worry an audience into the possibility that the hero may come unscathed. And Robert Mandel, a promising director, hasn't yet polished that skill.

The end result is likable, exciting and occasionally original. Yet it is marred by too many loose ends and too little concern, focusing on easily beaten tropes in cheap paper and hard-picked local realism.

**Tony Brown**

In *Reconquista* (1988), Henry Fonda made an impassioned speech about the Spanish Civil War. Hollywood, it seemed, was not all that left-right was once recognized that the defense of the Popular Front government was a lost fight.

The record appears in the splendid documentary *The Good Fight* (Cinecolor), which, through interviews, re-enactments, songs and radio broadcasts, tells the story of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, part of the international army of volunteers fighting and medical workers who went to Spain to fight the fascist forces of Generalissimo Franco.

The film captures the camaraderie and idealism of the men and women who left America to help the country itself remain democratic, isolated, not motivated, not by nationalism, but rather by an idealistic belief in justice and peace.

Though the 3,200 American volunteers were of diverse political backgrounds, the *Good Fight* tends to suggest that the disposition to Franco was a unified force, and glosses over the divisions and conflicts among the left-wing groups (ignoring, for example, the treatment of the anarchists).

However, it is the moving testimony of volunteers like Bill Bailey (a wonderful re-enactment) that makes the documentary so outstanding. He is filmed marching in a demonstration against US involvement in El

*The Good Fight*, an Abraham Lincoln Brigade volunteer in Spain.



Salvador and the struggle of the fatherless immigrant families that, at its height, his cluster and family left, comprising 50 years after the beginning of the war in Spain, the *Good Fight* continued.

**Barry Dean**

If the last fifteen years have produced a successor to the film noir, it is the closest, now, with the empty landscapes of the south-western sun belt replacing the moon shadows of America's cities as the arena for larger-than-life confrontations between man and woman, man and man, people and myths.

*The Hitcher* (Cinecolor Union) has all the appearances of a run-of-the-mill roadster flick with a kid in a drive-away car (C. Thomas Howell) taking a psych (Roger Hauer) known only as John Ryder (hear — get it?)

But the film — a debut feature for director Robert Harmon and writer Eric Red — is anything but run-of-the-mill. In fact, *The Hitcher* is a very low rated indie from Mark Isham's majestic score, via John Seale's masterful camerawork (the opening, night-fall fight with a head-on-crash truck on the highway is superb) to its enigmatic, resonant director.

Howell goes through an impressive transformation from puppy to jock to the father's nemesis. But it's a Roger Hauer who gives the film its soul.

Not since Robert Mankin 40 years ago has the screen thrown up a more fascinating, all-best star quality touring Howell in a direr ("Welcome to Whittell's") or, as surely playing his police escort, Hauer is magnificent — a figure of majestic sadness, vulnerability and vulnerability. Different from the strikingly subtle features of the genre's more numerous of contemporary male stars.

**Alan Rosenthal**

Seemingly these days are often better than the original, perhaps because, with the money-making formula established, there is space for something creative.

*The Kansas Kid Part II* (Fox Columbia) is not especially creative, but it is certainly a lot more interesting than its first go-around.

In Part I, Miyaqui (Pamela Pele) and Daniel (Philip Michael Thomas) hold off to Okla. where they encounter Miyaqui's boyhood friend and eventually better man, Salo (Darryl Hamilton). Miyaqui also re-encounters his childhood sweet heart, Yula (Robin McCarthy) and Philip falls in love with her niece, Kunko (Tara-Lynn Tarr).

All this of course is complicated by what's old and new and has to be resolved with a bout of sword-fight. But the sequel's interest seems for most of the time, to be less in martial arts set pieces than in story and character.

Miyaqui emerges as the clearly meant to be a real character, while Daniel is (misleadingly) portrayed as a rural pacifist, lost to the old days and PMA of the USAF, base. But Miyaqui's philosophy of non-aggression — "Best way to avoid

war is to not be there" — is funny, it works with the movie's theme. And, for all its occasional lapses into the territory of whodunnit-mystery, the picture, by making Miyaqui's sense of being of things (Kunko: Did Pat? If with the usual ingeniously choreographed flurry of chop and sock.

**Mark Rodden**



*The Lightship: Robert Duval and Aron Eisenberg*

In his last American film, *The Lightship* (Rienzi), based on Siegfried Lenz's novel, director Jerry Schatzman attempts the ambitious task of overlaying a high sea drama with political and social allegory, peace and hopes of discovery.

As a questing light to allegory of the quest of Virginia in 1925, the lightship becomes the pace and backdrop in a conflict between the American crew, headed by Captain Mike (Rene-Marie Denoel), and the Germans who attempt to track it — a racial and political microcosm reminiscent of Conrad's novels.

As pure theater, *The Lightship* is eminently effective with its atmosphere of mystery and mounting tension as power patterns change and the elements of the burning oil and the psychotic submergence of the people between Eddie (John Haworth) and Gene (William Fichtelberg).

But characterization makes a strange turn as the villains are styled to the point of parody in mix of class thug and high melodrama. Their mentor Casper (Robert Duval) is a derelict Southerner prone to elusive scenes of philosophizing, the Captain (in complete reversal) high principled and humane to the point of blindness.

In the casual casting spent type, Schatzman makes a strange turn as the villains are styled to the point of parody in mix of class thug and high melodrama. Their mentor Casper (Robert Duval) is a derelict Southerner prone to elusive scenes of philosophizing, the Captain (in complete reversal) high principled and humane to the point of blindness.

**Mary Collier**

*My Chatterbox* (Holt) opens with a premise that you somehow know it isn't going to be able to keep a square of dialogue of a young woman's succumbence — two white men (Robert Duval and Casey) have a conversation, but the cheap gear accessories and of course her suspicious. My Chatterbox is desperately seeking Madonna. Not with a really sexy female lead (Deborah Phoenix as Casey Meadows), the film is far less than stars like Gary and only just reminiscent of a better romantic comedy.

Due to an obvious pattern to drive romance, Casey uses her sights on making the world of chatterbox. But not against her as the companion of her male chatterbox. The chatterbox drives to the young man to the limit, she can't control her own words without the slightest hinting of who he is and without the slightest determination of doing so.

The film's humor is heavily reliant on an ironic structure, which sees Casey's assignments turned into ironic escapes, framed upon by her own wit. Casey's wit is not extended from her witlessness, but from the spontaneity of her assignments (pop stars, Arab or black, etc.), leaving her humor mostly ineffective as a character meant to put a few wrinkles into the studied smug of the gentleman's touch.

With an easy soundtrack and at times even visually, My Chatterbox cannot hope to sustain a comic pace. The humor is downright comical, which may have to do with the suggestion that hard and honest are actually brother and sister. But even this is left to do with a costumed ending, rather than being extended as a comic possibility.

**Rebecca Caputo**

*My Chatterbox: Deborah Phoenix as Casey Meadows*



One definition of a photographic film is that it goes before the fact. For *Goodbye*, the question from is: How to film before it — without being below it — to speak how to see the human being as a whole.

The much discussed and much edited *10 Weeks* (Roadshow) could have been an attempt to deal with the dilemma. But whether director Adam Lyne looked the actual faces meant to do so or whether he was simply too much of a chauvinist even to recognize it, doesn't really

**Abstract**

The film is about a fragment of time in a mind and a full week rotation that focus with the iconography of the pornographic and a fragment of a woman's body. Elizabeth (Ann Demele) is a stylish SoHo gallery director is taken under the sexual control and mastery of a quiet, solitary Wall Street white hot Money Hoarder whose body we never see and that is about it.

There is no dialogue. Rather, we watch a sequence of commodities: designer food, designer clothes, designer sex. Unless you get some kind of voyeuristic pleasure out of the debasement and humiliation of women, forget it. And the actual marketing didn't work one bit: even women 18-24 flunked by placing it in the notoriously non-specific field of the erotic.

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*Pollagost* remains one of the best horror films of the decade, functioning both as a ghost story with a sense of humour (essential) and as an intriguing glimpse of what life could have been like if it were Nazi's I mean so over-the-toply evil.

**With Poltergeist II: The Other Side** (RIP) (no. 4) [see p. 10] of the film series, what made Poltergeist so good was that the other side returned just that — a terrifying beyond that began at the closed door. Not does the opening of the new life help, with assembly, justice and a decent man.

After a while, though, we split the heated feelings: snack-guzzling dog and all now quarantined with Grandma (Gloria Jean Rogers) and with TV solemnly banned from the house.

To no avail: connecting up the Carol Anne's by telephone. They are back shaking the house during the plumbing and electrical wiring (Robbie (Oliver Robins) with a huge customer service smile on his face).

Tracked by the undead — a pantheon called Korm revealed to be the root of all evil and stunningly embodied by the late John Beck, founder of Living Theater — and helped by an Indian called Taylor (Bill Sampson), the wretched Pridemore confronts The Beast, with Sam here, and mainly lose Carol Anne to the Great Beyond. **C**

The film has its moments and the cast is more than adequate. But director Brian Koppelman's graduation from Satish TV doesn't have enough here to establish the crucial uniqueness of the twenty-four-hour-the-camera-is-on film. (The House is original) Either they are over-affected by posturing, irony and special effects. *Fuller House* will be a somewhat unusual season for Fox.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2689-2695.

Podrzymal, H. The Other Side  
Member of House at Carol House

One has, in these days of slash and stab, either disposed of the return of grade-Z schlock movies like **Re-Animator** (Filmways). Granted with a soundtrack ripoff of from *Psycho* and heavy with homage to H.P. Lovecraft, the film is, in fact, neither a thriller nor any more accurate a version of Lovecraft's hyperbolic world than such horror flicks like *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *The Golem*.

But *An Amos* has a definite style of its own, akin to that of *The Day After*, though with a stronger sense of both identity and humour.

Peering only to show us a sign saying Zurich University Institute of Medicine, the camera is fixed in to the sound of screams on a locked laboratory door inside a party-iced prodigy called *Mind* (Ruth Gordon, the carbonated Anne of Cleopatra, [www.paramount.com](http://www.paramount.com)).

West, relying on that old horror movie adage: "All life is a chemical process," has found a drug-like fluid that revives the recently deceased. But there are feeding problems. And to further his research — a relentless and extremely costly process — he moves to the old Lovecraft stamping ground of Arkham, Mass.

The rusty bits of the *Artemesia* are insufficiently and despoilingly heavy that it is hard not to see it as a shadow in which a head (perhaps) is suspended from its body and dumped for just power of slowness, not a better speed taken in suspension in comparison to its writhing, restless lower parts, repeatedly bump into things, on the way to the ledge for fresh supplies of oxygen.

[illegible]

John Radtke's **Short Circuit** (Roadshow) could be described as a borderline children's film. Like *The Goonies*, it unashamedly acknowledges through its slightly earthy humor mildly complex humanistic themes and good old-fashioned proving that kids deserve better than to be treated as Disneyized teens and that they can enjoy the same things as adults do.

It is also on Bachman's credit that we can all through and enjoy the advantages of Mr. B. is a learned lady who occupies a consistent living due to a mother-in-law but doesn't agree as with the sort of old planter that dogged her forefathers. (2)

Mostly by Parkinson's spinal nerves supplied by the A6, generally start common with Tachylyly A6-nerve. The sensory effects are a rise in the temperature of the skin and even are induced some at the point where these axons are reprogrammed by A6 to perform a Tachylyly A6-nerve.

Indeed, one of the most enjoyable aspects of *Short Circuit* is watching the awful humiliation of Mr. 5. The robot is aped as an something — is someone — naive-loving, clumsy, brittle, vulnerable, funny and slightly paranoid. And it is so deftly handled that the declaration that Mr. 5 is alive comes across as

credible character development  
within their accessible cosmos.

**Table 1**

Taken from Joyce Carol Oates short story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" **Smoothie Talk** (Sharnit) is a more ample yet not so in of the original work and yet manages accurately to recreate the story's oppressive atmosphere of growing apprehension and fear.

In a remarkable feature debut director Joyce Chopra, with the help of an intelligent screenplay by Tom Cole, paints an honest and sensitive portrait of the last days of an adolescence beset with suspicion and self-doubt.

With a real flair for objectivity — it seems that her strategy is to pull you in by distancing you — Chopra's discography captures the dilemma faced by Conne (superbly played by Laura Dern) a 19-year-old girl caught between the opposing currents of childhood and young woman-

Her fierce insatiable on the long road to maturity, pitted with enormous clashes with her family, sexual conflicts and jealousy, takes the form of the lustful and sinister Ansel Friend (Graig Williams in a short but powerful performance). In one of the most erotic plays of seduction on film, Friend becomes angel and devil, dawn and night, male embodying all Gornet's sexual dreams and fears.

**Faithful to Joyce** *Carol Oster*  
Chapman chooses to leave Connie a resident of her differences in an quest of integrity. At a time when Hollywood seems preoccupied with the finer bits of passage, Oster's tale is a refreshing and intelligent change, boosting one's confidence of small-town life, and women's decisions.

Figure 1 consists of two bar charts, (a) and (b), showing the percentage of respondents for different levels of agreement with the statement 'The government should do more to protect the environment'.

Chart (a) shows the percentage of respondents for different levels of agreement with the statement 'The government should do more to protect the environment'.

Level of Agreement	Percentage of Respondents
Strongly agree	45
Agree	35
Disagree	15
Strongly disagree	5

Chart (b) shows the percentage of respondents for different levels of agreement with the statement 'The government should do more to protect the environment'.

Level of Agreement	Percentage of Respondents
Strongly agree	40
Agree	30
Disagree	20
Strongly disagree	10

Scenario Case	Diff.	Lower	Dev. or
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The cinema Project is so low genre as children's days that one must **Naupitelo** (Cuckoo) McJannet Pating to be better. The gentle life of a very tall woman in her childhood (Missie's Sister) who becomes obsessed with water and wins a handsome young sailor from (The King) a cousin of small water and makes an Empire. Missie is an old friend from

Manneke lives in a 15th-century manor, furnished only with a table chess board and a bagpipe when Tr and Danoo arrive. On the table, she also has a note pinned

The subject is by Peter Krauss, which gives the film its title. Hot pursuit of this is a matter of (public) safety: attractions and (potential) carry-overs. We would do better.

Signoretto looks wonderful, with its sea of petals and mauves (DOP Johanna Mar has already been featured in American *Garden* magazine). But director Penny Allen is so determined to control the tone of his story that once Minnie has won Est, there is nothing for the film to go. The problem is built into the style: Minnie is certain not to let her sex life be emphasized. Not for the first time the couple come together. They go so ordinary as to be almost unrecognizable.

Almost, but not entirely. Mainstream single-mindedness. Segal's performance and Hearn's cinematography make the film consistently entertaining in a determined under-the-dog, though, ultimately not against it. It might almost have been called *an* about.

**Abstract**



Target Group: Hardware, Capital, Insurance and Auto Loans

Coming four years after the release of Arthur Penn's superb and grossly underrated *Four Friends*, *Target* (MCA) falls rather short of one's expectations.

Over the centuries and into the 20th century, as the culture shifted and changed, we can see in a sort of archaic sense, how much the Puritans' American lives. The past of the father (or CIA agent) affects the present in family studies even today and more than that of Haden's report focus on a life story and its implications for future (and the supernatural) and perhaps mother is (unhappy) father and not just focus and strategies by going back to the past to find a family can come back to the future. The past is not a dead story but a living one, and it is the past of its current development or its potential for future conflict. It is not an actor, never allows for the necessary psychological elements.

Rami seems slightly more confident when in the school library, even if the often-lame camera movements, the dullness of the plot and the air of indifference surrounding his treatment of the subject do not convince us of any great interest in the man.

But if Fager and its oil-royalty concessions do not do justice to Peru's previous sins, let us hope nevertheless that it won't be longer before those sins before has been paid.

















## Wrong turns on the 'right' track

But is this the only cloud on the horizon, the new automotive bell

The reform office sought to increase bank capital and smaller banks' exposure to the interbank market of the interwar years of

Still looking for the real thing?  
Contact Advisor Francisco Llorens

All around them in the European Community, big things are going on with deals being done over satellite new institutional networks and co-operations, especially. There is a real

As every year of course it may turn out to be an American film that hits the jackpot, such as *Polseres* if Tobo Hooper's *Amendes* from Mars and stars all Steven Spielberg's *the Color Purple*. And there is also the British thriller about water of the Palace that is *Carnegie* this year. Roland Joffé's *The Mission* starring Jeremy Irons and Robert De Niro.

**USA** by Pat H. Broeske

Maybe this is not as surprising as it looks. Before the warm weather arrived, Adams was pegged as a winner. Then again, many times the looked predictable on paper weren't. It is going to be a Golden Summer, brought a Winter One associated shortly before the film's release. And everyone anticipated that *Splasher* Sinfonia's latest would blow away the competition. But through it hasn't really worked — *S&P* 2 million is a pretty good total.

**Psycho II**—which certainly doesn't want for public recognition and looks like being a disappointment—after two weeks ticket sales were off only \$10.8 million against Holywood's prevailing wisdom that a sequel taking to the big screens in its first weeks is a sure path to success for the studio's executives.

Real even Columbia Pictures' for-  
mance predicted that *The A-List*  
No. 8 would emerge as a summer  
hit, especially since a decisive

The cast includes the Nuclear War: a story of a family's struggle to survive in a world of nuclear weapons. While the world waits for Superman to go into action, the cast of the film is busy. The cast includes the Nuclear War: a story of a family's struggle to survive in a world of nuclear weapons. While the world waits for Superman to go into action, the cast of the film is busy. The cast includes the Nuclear War: a story of a family's struggle to survive in a world of nuclear weapons. While the world waits for Superman to go into action, the cast of the film is busy.



# Britain by Sheila Johnston

## The British have come: David Puttnam to be the new Chairman of Columbia Pictures

As British Film Year draws to a close David Puttnam (who, you may remember, gave the world *Chariots of Fire*, *Local Hero* and *The Monuments Men*) is making strides for Hollywood to become Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of the Coca Cola owned Columbia Pictures.

Puttnam has already talked deals on the shores of the Pacific producing *Polser* and *Midnight Express* in Hollywood in the last few years. And, though he was reportedly chastised by the aspen elites, he seems to have outwitted his detractors for the studio system (a cell measured no doubt by a narrowed three-year \$47.5 million contract).

As his tooting gambit, Puttnam has signed TV comic Bill Cosby to produce and star in his own feature film. British producers accordingly welcome the idea of a handy loan in L.A. though they wonder how long Puttnam himself will make out as the *Coca Cola* boy.

Back in Britain the *Wimbledon* is slowly draining itself into oblivion for the next COTY cycle, called *The Long Goodbye*, after one of last Fleming's short stories, and due for release in autumn 1987. The villa has been renamed. Quoth sage James Knobel, who starred in *Paul Verhoeven's* *The Fourth Man*, and had a supporting role in the British

comedy *Turbo*: Gary Knobel has cancelled his commitment to a role in *Mega Puma's* *The Scorpion* for the privilege of being blasted by Bond.

But who will be doing the blasting is still uncertain. Bond exec, Pierce Brosnan is having trouble juggling out of his contract to star in *Revenge* (see *Starline*) and producer Cubby Brooks could find himself taking *Poppy Moon* out of mothballs for yet another outing.

Meanwhile, the *Prozac* Corporation has laid a curious egg of a report on the lives of British broad-casting. The film *Paul* is towards deregulation an unlimited number of stations, the regulation of pay-TV by subscription and, eventually, a mating device. There it stays, it is proposed to abandon internal programme-vetting of the kind that caused the *Heat* *Less* debacle reported in this column last year. TV censorship would be subject like film to the law of the land.

What is raffish Mrs Thatcher's feelings, however, at the fact that *Prozac* has, against widespread expectation, not ordered her campaign to introduce advertising on the BBC (which is currently financed by a licence fee)? As a result, the Corporation's findings could be placed on hold until after the next general election.

After a sluggish spring arrival

interesting new productions have gone on the road over the last weeks. Chief among them is *Back On Your Feet*, the story of the ill-starred homosexual relationship between playwright Jon Dron and Kenneth Halliwell. Scripted by Alan Bennett and directed by Stephen Frears, it stars Gary Oldman (who left his impressive debut as *Ed* Verheer in *Ed and Nancy* to *Oliver* and *Julian* (these first two being) excellent in *Letter to Brecht*) in Halliwell.

Meanwhile, Chris Webb, the other half of *Ed* and *Nancy* (starring with Sean Connery in *The Day of the Atonement*, which, with a title like that, could only be directed by Peter Jackson), a plot synopsis is probably neither possible nor desirable.

On location in Zimbabwe, Richard Attenborough has started shooting *Asking for Trouble* based on the novel by Dennis Woods about black South African activist Steve Biko. Daniel Washington (from *A Matter of Sex*) has been cast as Biko while Woods who is acting as consultant on the production is played by Kevin Kline. While there is always the risk of a bland homophily using the look of *Grease*, *Asking for Trouble* could and should, in the light of the television row dominating UK headlines at the

time of writing, be a controversial film.

One production that certainly will be provocative is *Ran*, Russell's latest about Gothic which encompasses medieval, romantic, partly unorthodox sexual practices, and things which go bump in the night — an short most of the staple ingredients of a Russell film. The story concerns the strange experiences of Shalott (Julian Sands), Byron (Colin Byrne) and Mary Shelley (Julia Ormonde) who come one night to a lonely villa on the shores of Lake Geneva.

At the box office, admissions continue to rise, with the first four months of 1986 up by 10% on last year (even if some recently, except have been started by the *World Cup* (which didn't start a movie heat wave). Current hit is *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* and *Out of Africa*. *Ham* and *After Hours* (Connery's first British feature) for a very long time. *A Room with a View* is still doing pretty well in London charts, and in the subdued market *Ran* continues to run and run.

*Fourknots* meets *Chick* *Rorolt* meets *the Marriage of Figaro*. *Ken Barrie's* *Quinn*, about a homophily, *Asks* for the good on the shores of a Swiss lake.



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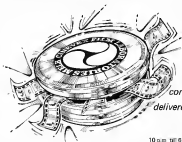
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# Fred Harden SAMPLES THE WARES AT THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL SMPTÉ CONFERENCE AND EXHIBITION IN SYDNEY

In an industry that relies as much on technology as film and television trade shows assume a special importance. After all, magazine reports — even the ones in *Cineuropa* Figures — are only a loose compass to actually seeing a new product demonstrated. Australia is a nation and the relatively small size of its market make trade shows crucial. We have all visited paternity for the identities of new film titles that have been on the market overseas for some time, before the local distributor gets round to clearing existing debts of someone from the same rights.

In video there is the added problem of the incompatibility of our European-based systems and the US and Japanese NTSC television systems — all of which makes local shows such as those mounted by the IFBC (Institute of Radio and Electronics Engineers) and the SMPTÉ (Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers) especially important.

The SMPTÉ, through its engineering standards committee and study groups and by its documenting of technical developments in the *SMPTÉ Journal* is also helping provide some conformity within the engineering community. Working with an established specialist consultant, such as the ANZS (Australian National Standards Institute) and the EBU (European Broadcasting Union), the SMPTÉ assists in setting standards in a world that often sees standardisation as a block to creativity and invention and even as a restraint on ideas. Sometimes though, these standards can bring about standardisation all with the VHS format system, which has now become a de facto worldwide standard.

The SMPTÉ has all these elements to juggle with and is supported by a list of Sponsoring Member companies that range like a compass, a 2" of film and video brand names. The Australian section of the SMPTÉ gains prominence with each staging of its Sound & Vision conferences (this year's was held in Sydney from 24-27 June), and actively takes part in the technical aspect of displays for the international delegates.

With the financial support of the Australian Film Commission and the Federation of Australian Commercial Television Stations, there is also the provision, over the four days of the conference, of a series of papers. While the means is that it is technically interested audience is provided for what, in the whole, are introductory (primarily news) papers or development but is not entirely comfortable) also on site in the exhibition hall.

The great aspects of a meeting of this kind would go almost unnoticed by visitors to the exhibition, but does the fact for the first of an exclusive club when the Australian members (and their US counterparts) on first time visits and where it is traditional for visitors to throw a casual party to welcome delegates.

## The conference

This year the SMPTÉ conference opened with the presentation, on a temporarily erected wide screen, of a collection of sequences from the film *Star 80* (New Line). Peter Cap and the new product to the Australian audience. During the Prime Minister officially opened the Centre and after introducing the opening address by the Minister for the Arts, Heritage and the Environment, Barry Cohen, for his part Mr Cohen began with an enthusiastic advertisement for Barry, saying he now felt he understood the industry better after participating and using a Sony Mini Video Handycam. He admitted though that he couldn't understand the music.

The presentation of papers then began in a series of sessions of the new seminar hall of the Stappert's new Arts in Belgium, taking about 400 to 500 seats. While some of the papers seemed to be about sharing information, most were about specific new products (this was on take in the exhibition) or else more interestingly presented a case study of a particular application. Over the four days some of the more significant topics included Filmtek Engineering's report on its computer controlled (operation for light control of film soundtrack, light

over the press by Dominic Case of Cineplex that "you can still do so much with film special", and a report on the coverage of the underpools 500 by the Research developed by ATN 7. For a detailed list of papers presented and dates of suitable video cameras see the box on page 73.

## Buy Australian

Since I assume that most visitors of this column are more interested in the latest film and video production toys, I will do little more than mention the broadcast equipment which is always a significant part of such SMPTÉ shows. Belgian design, Aural stereo sound and HDV (high definition television) provided conversation for a lot of the delegates and visitors on the floor (most of them wearing name-tags saying they were from the engineering department of a television broadcast station).

On the production front, there were as was to be expected, few significant new products on show, most of them being improvements on existing design and hardware. S88, it was becoming to find that some manufacturers had brought costs down at a time when the Australian dollar stands so low against most major currencies. In almost every case, the low because of the use of microcomputers and the availability of cheaper personal computers.

By the same token, the high cost of importing new equipment has moved some of the Australian products into the limelight and into the spotlight of buyers, saying that they were buying the local product out of preference. Buy Australian has never been an attractive motto in a market that places on the best developments worldwide, but it is working now, and the plummeting exchange rates are making some of the local products attractive to overseas buyers. It is the state of the production and our design skills can take advantage of this (then we will all benefit by the end of the year).

An illustration of that is the small Melbourne company run by Jon Tella, which is producing music synthesizers and recorders that in the small-scale area come head on with corporations such as the US Gann Valley Group but it is more active now. Tonight's conference sell its unchallenged GML made in the house, around the world, and has now developed its video effects synthesizer to the point where there is no such overseas demand that it is

**Major's** *Flamenco* at ambient vertical and horizontal effect.



company is developing a higher priced broadcast model as well. And the Melbourne company, Sonnet, announced that it had just sold several edition editing control units to Pacific Video in California.

While there is a new dawn on some of the products that I saw as setting trends or as otherwise significant.

## Betacam rules

When RCA introduced the 1/2" M format in America, it looked as if it was destined to become the first production videotape recording format. But within months, Sony had introduced its Betacam system, also on 1/2" but carrying the domestic VCR format was into broadcast. Sony used a Betacam cassette. RCA's M format is on VHS. Despite major network pressure at all equipment and a lot of other studio support to Betacam, Sony managed to reverse its defeat in the domestic market and become the de facto VCR format. Because of the cost of use of the Betacam equipment, the slight reduction in quality from its tape was considered a reasonable trade-off and it now looks like that the industry will eventually be replacing their "best" papers (which stand up to the computer cost) and the prime material for programmatic editing.

The top BVX-C005 surveillance camera, the same CCD chip as the National 73.



The rise of the Betacam format still rules and the acceptance of Betacam cassettes by some studios for release material has allowed a lot of producers to remain cost effective, especially in the low-budget realm, area of the contractors' market. But it has also given birth to a number of minor format and documenting projects being taken on tape. The format records the output from the camera as individual components (not just RGB) and only combines them when they are dubbed onto 1" or low band cassettes. The quality that remains higher at all the aspects of the editing process can make use of the component signals.

March Incorporated Films is a Los Angeles production company. It has completed a production of the movie *Carver* and is currently in Australia using Ultrastore to combine the low detail with the special matte and lens flare backgrounds created on their graphics system. The cost savings were considerable and the quality was reportedly so good that a 30mm lens has been made for most all release.

Elsewhere on the video front, there was a reflection in the show of the demand for component mixes. Tektronix showed its component test signal generator along with new

teletext and teletext monitors. In the lower-budget arena, there's the JVC's JVC-1, single or high-resolution monitor (the JVC-500 can accept optional effects generator) as well as teletext-style glass with component encoding.

There was also an expensive display of prototype Motorola equipment from National. Called tel-1, it does teletext-compatible but it's probably too late for it to give the Sony format any real competition — something demonstrated by the fact that Ontario Aerospace, there, was a range of tandem telescopic equipment with an Aniscope name where the Sony one should have been. It appears that Aniscope has relinquished its ASC design, according to information for the light to market (Aniscope equipment is that to be made by Sony, but later to Aniscope's own design). This provides a considerable endorsement for the format.

## Computers

Everyone is assumed to have a computer-graphics system on show, ranging from the simple 8-bit Quartz systems which make it possible to create background and foreground entities that can be combined with live subjects from a camera input through systems such as the Apple II (popular in Australia) with full vector and color animation, to a sophisticated color Picture Master from Aniscope. The AVE offers a dual-panel option with perspective control that looks just like an ADD effect.

Chancor generates input to a more impressive add-on card for an IBM PC (or clone) from Bio-Electronics for \$3,500. This offers multiple fonts, colors, scroll and scroll all in a standard PAL output. At the other end of the scale, Quantel's Quinter is a combined digital video interface with a trackball control over a vast range of typefaces and colors, which can be controlled directly like the company's Paintbox. It may be a while before it becomes as ubiquitous as such tools as the Chyron, but it presents an impressive lead forward in handling type on TV.

There was also a new face on the Quantel stand with which — or whom — I later caught up at a demonstration at the Video Post-Production Conference in Sydney. The company has purchased Quantel's new, completely digital editing system called Harry. Harry can store 60 seconds of broadcast-quality images that can be edited and manipulated from a Paintbox graphics-tablet input. This could free a video design studio completely from the need for a 1" video-tape editing system and Harry integrates with Encore's Quinter 3D digital effects system.

The user interface shows the de-superimposed on the Paintbox to treat the material as a graphic representation of what's being cut and splicing them as on a timeline. Harry allows you to make complex, 80-second composites or a longer effects sequence that a first person can digital quality until it goes to 1" master to release. The prospect of the completely digital editing suite is just round the corner.

Meanwhile, sharing space on a modest stand at SMPTE were Peter Spocak, demonstrating his Scripto Enhancement Network electronic mail system, and Steve Kutz from Computel with Showcast's information retrieval system. This focuses essentially to have all Showcast's current list of performers, full contracts and business ledger and addresses relevant with all people locations and production personnel all listed for instant access via a telephone call and a personal computer. More on these services in a later issue.

Using microcomputers for an automated system of colour edge detection was the de facto colour predictor. Colouring approximately 350,000 lines is a colour-comparison controller that works with all the current television or for tape-to-tape copying and it has some remarkable features. The most impressive of these is a photographic ability to detect an area on the screen and change just that colour individually. By moving coordinates into the object the machine detects the object to the colour and shows it to be controlled without affecting an entire object nearby. The process can be repeated any number of times. Since the launch of the product in 1983, the company claims to have sold 50 printers — an amazing number considering that the de Vries would be mostly replacing existing equipment.

## Invisible barriers

The one product that was truly unique at the show couldn't actually be seen, but it was certainly there. It was the Photopod project, developed by IM, which puts a protective coating on film and photographic prints that stops oxidation moisture static electricity, about

Photopod can save the life expectancy for your prints.



degrading from UV bacteria, and filly in base and emulsion scratches. The process has been available for some time (it won a Scientific Academy Award in 1984) and uses a thin polymer coating that is cured by UV (forming a clear 0.0015mm-thick) tough coating. It is intended to extend film life of several prints by

up to ten times and at a cost of about 3.5 cents a foot for film and 7 cents a foot for slides it could be cost effective.

The coating is being used by MGM to extend the life of its printing negatives and slides. A range of conventional solvents to be used to clean off fingerprints, grease pencils and dirt. The extra cost it adds to cleaning points made it instead of use to those smaller quantity releases, prints that are expected to have a long life, rather than the multi print blockbusters. Woody Allen has had all his prints coated with the process for some time, and a number of his films have begun using Photopod. The company is represented here by Photo Advertising (Australia) Ltd in Sydney and all the coating is done in the country.

## Around the stands

Apart from these major features and stands there were any number of interesting individual products on show at the SMPTE. What follows is a list of them.

- Not available at the time of the show but installed that same week was the pre-engineered invisible gate partly developed by the Sydney companies, Image and Visions. It has yet to see a demonstration but the device is claimed to be as good as the American developed Gekko-gate (subject of a paper at the conference) but at a fraction of the cost.

- Kodak announced the availability of the high speed 16mm rope film 7282 (premiered in our first issue last in Cinema Papers 54 October 1985) and a new 30mm film stock 5298 with superior blue separation for special effect work. Further qualities are claimed to be in development, including 16mm stock 7282B40. They all use the new T-joint developments for the grain and faster speed.

- On display at the John Barry Group stand was a new Panther dolly that has a larger platform on the head allowing the operator to sit atop the operator. The Panther still has one of the smoothest, most transparently available hydraulic lift systems around.

Also on the Barry stand was the solution to the Art B-1, the new Art B-1. The most obvious column feature is the extra-long extension vanelet with illuminated ground glass readings. Barry has also re-modelled the Lighter into a simpler and smaller device that now looks like a more sophisticated tool, which comes complete with an offset battery-powered detachable eyefight.

- Also attracting attention on the stand was the Schemm Dycro zoom lens. This battery-powered gyroscope-controlled lens was demonstrated with the aid of a hand-held camera whose operator was sitting on a non-motorized bed, making mistakes. The video feed was impossible in smoothing out movement that would otherwise have made the results from the zoom quite unusable.

- On the Schemm stand they were showing an improved video-assist system with reduced flicker. After much effort, Schemm have

on the construction of the new CCI Technologies camera tube and attached it to a Jurgens mount.

Barney was also promoting the new 1" format Panasonic tape magnetic lenses. The 1" format was especially meant to fit an existing set until the lenses that Panasonic has been designing for some time could be released. As it turned out, the set of lenses (\$5, 35, 40, 50, 80 and 130mm) and producing such stunning results that David Cornell MDP at Stan Ryan and Blerche McCulloch has gone with Panasonic after last shooting in Super 8.

- Another lens that although smaller, has been significantly improved was on show on the film stands stand. It was the new 35-55mm Angenieux zoom extensively re-designed from the outside, though — the only obvious change was that the front element doesn't turn as the lens is focused which solved a problem when using cameras and other lenses.

- From a new (to the Melbourne company) Gaitheiser for Schemm was a range of display and theatrical lighting and items such as a video console for video disc cutting and image-mixing in direct. The new group also sells the English Lee lighting line of 8000 watt incandescent ranging from the 8000 Watt light to a \$2,500 model.

Le Metro's mobility of the range makes mounting 1980 and 19,190.



Other items from Gaitheiser were a video projector and a range of camera remote-controlled light, the Pan-Dan series range. Primarily designed for theatre and disco, they could also be used for special effects.



The Pan-Dan Series System 3-remote control by computer or joystick.

- After Tycoide has just opened its own sales outlet in Burbank, and is apparently a complaint that the American tank Miller at a US company Miller's Portsmouth immediately attracted my attention, but the company also has a new \$3,000 head that looks like to answer to the Richter Video 22, with a 40kg capacity and a lightweight but heavy-duty tripod to

Hand tape from your software like Metafile 1988.



match. Miller also has a range of moulded tripod stands, similarly light but tough, and giving full-size presentation. Cost is \$295.

■ Filmmat has some unique items on its stand along with two new Axioms (the XRT with dual time recording) and (no) stepped-down lightweight (and cheaper) KC. Both will be limited to Axiom time and the KC provides a remote alternative to a beginner's or back-up model.

Also from Filmmat and despatching a full examination through no cheap way is a small electronically controlled product turntable called the Revogrid, which can be easily controlled and stopped (jumps reverse-printing the label photo).



The Denorex DColor slide, available from Alphas.

There were two further products from US electronic engineer Mike Denorex, who left KEM to start his own company, first the Cascade TS-1 electronic slide with color target and large LEDs giving true-color read-out — the best electronic slide he has seen to date, and designed to work with the true-color flags and for SWS600 (there was also a small true-color reader that was awaiting shipment).



The SMP kit (five slides in a handy plastic case).

■ SMP Products operates in supplying editing equipment and consumables and had a good range of budget time-line synchronizers and wireless. The color pairs makes a heavily designed color-state line timer to feed splice and leader and distributed the black-and-white charts (recently recommended for testing by Kodak) MPC colorized recording tape, and a range of colored paper tapes that accept markers.

■ New from Sony are some high-band U-matic models that breathe time into the BVL format. The BVL SP and the portable 180P had had some fine-tuning done to the electronics, and by extending the color sub-carrier and shifting the luminance signal, improved detail has been added. Also effective was

the small incidence monitor designed to give a very bright picture for outdoor or high ambient light levels, while it is noted that it does not have a shadowmask or a filter on tube.

On the tape front, it looks like we are finally going to have to concede to restoration for the familiar '4" U-matic tape used in the new digital systems, the tape is designated 'film' even at the US. Sony showed its digital video tape machine at the recent NAB show in Sydney, only the new digital video computers were on display.

■ The duplication line, and AV has companies will also have to concede that most screen processors, such as the Pasched with its Super II end-on carriage, are on the way out. On the DCC stand was the Panasonic portable AG-3000 VHS player/TV combi unit. A few companies have been making similar combination sets using the small Hi800A portable player for some time, but National has now produced its own compact unit.

A long awaited improvement in sound quality for VHS portables is the Panasonic VHS Hi-Fi portable AG-8400. This is the full-sized version of the NV1850A, and allows local recording at compact disc quality with access to the linear



The new take-it-with-you-for-AG-3000, Panasonic dual-conversion player.

tapes as well. The VCR has different as a professional machine with the Panasonic remote on it, probably because if it was offered as a consumer item it would surely fall into the NV180.

■ Among the new broadcast equipment, Ampex showed its AGC-1500 an eight-track digital effects unit that can be triggered. The company was also showing the Dual TRC together with modified tone for its VHSs to speed up the animation capability and a forthcoming software kit for top-up called Auto-Gem. This significantly alters

the way the top-up units that are compounded with each period on of copying. By recording from input sources and then replaying switching automatically back and forth the velocity errors (which cause most degradation from the obvious sprocket-hole problems) can be finely adjusted.

■ The Philips Scientific and Technical stand had the Adams Smith 2600 A/V color-synchronizer. They accept an 8" GMA format disk which could speed up transfer of still points from audio post production on a videotape. Philips also showed the first application of compact disc audio for sound post-production, with a sound effects library of 20 discs from the Canadian company Sound Ideas. The Philips center allows copying of up to more than 1000 Professional CD players so the library can be accessed rapidly and with accuracy.

■ SMP's previsualiser with its first light of the Psyche Widescreen introduced for digital means, which is claimed to cut edit rates by half (even a normal window) if it is used instead of the Psyche Widescreen.

■ Finally, Cinematronics had a 16mm Hi-8i digital tape splice which is specially made for digital tape editing and which is claimed to give a clean accurate visual cut. \*

## Product suppliers and distributors

**Alpha-Gamma Ltd** 272-284 Whitehorse Road, Warrimoo NSW 2113 (02) 887 0232

**Alphas Australia Pty Ltd** 4 St Lawrence Road North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 887 0333

Amcor Ltd is distributed by **Microcomp Pty** 104 Mount Street North Sydney NSW 2060 (02) 957 5820

**Bairlight Instruments Pty** 15 Boundary Street Rushcutters Bay NSW 2011 (02) 591 6333

**Barclay Engineering Pty** 201-203 Port Jackson Road Miranda NSW 2220 (02) 522 4164

**Bentzen (Australia) Pty** 30 Highbury Road Gosford NSW 2250 (02) 827 1444

**Binem Corporation Pty** 75 Market Street Perth WA 6000 (09) 325 1171

**Booth Ltd** and **Wheel for Sound** 145 Burnside Road New town NSW 2152 (02) 814-6260

**Canberra Video Products** is distributed by **Radio Shack** **musicom** Sales Pty, 4 Custom Street Rydalmere NSW 2116 (02) 538 6400

**John Barry Group Pty** 27 Hether Park Avenue Manly NSW 2094 (02) 439 8935

JVC is distributed by **Hagenmeyer (Australia) Pty** 5/7 Oyster Creek, Rungby NSW 2208 (02) 960 3177

**Kodak (Australia) Pty** 173 Stoddart Street Sydney NSW 2008 (02) 854 1200

**Miller Fluid Heads** 30 Hickman Parade Artarmon NSW 2064 (02) 439 8277

**Mississippi Electric Australia** 70-72 Epping Road North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 880 5777

**Mosconi Productions** is distributed by **GEO Video Systems** 2 Gifford Avenue North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 887 6202

**Philips Scientific and Technical Broadcast Systems** 25-27 Rial Street North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 888 0232

**Photo Advertising (Australia) Ltd** 53-55 Herbert Street Artarmon NSW 2064 (02) 438 1755

**Quanta Corporation** products are distributed by **Pacific Communication Sales Pty** (see Great Valley Group below for address)

Quintel is distributed by **Quintel Communications Pty** 80/1 Peninsula Road Penrith NSW 2066 (02) 462 1111

**Sanitation Film Service Australia** 1 Oxford Avenue North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 448 5766

**Scorpio Entertainment Network** 88 Darling Street Glebe NSW 2037 (02) 563 0444

**Sontron Instruments Pty** 38 Loan Street Darling NSW 2169 (02) 584 4022

**SMP Products** 30 Gidley Street Cheltenham NSW 2022 (02) 571 2745

Sonytype is distributed by **Andrew Gibson Equipment Services Pty** 113 Wilsongray Road Crows Nest NSW 2065 (02) 438 3831

**Sylvania International** 60 Gidley Street Cheltenham NSW 2022 (02) 438 4740

**Tate Special & Video** 31 Highland Drive Epping NSW 2107 (02) 850 1444

**Technica Australia Pty** 62 Winston Road North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 880 7088

## Selected papers

Blow-up to 35mm shooting in 16mm film Super 16, Lutz Bahringer, New Zealand Market News

Chromographic considerations using up to 2000 and 4000 colour negatives, Peter Sharp, private publication

Component digital VTR developments: T. Gough, Sony Corporation

Discharge lighting for film production, Adrian Danks, Lee Colston Ltd

Right effects in IM-X, Peter Reeves, Oxford Scientific Film, Kodak representative, give a full list of the following papers

500 Ltd system using Col-Pack, miniature control panels for a 16mm laboratory; Digital sound - improved Tens Cam recorder high-speed mag film 7296, Lee Camtech, negative 1286, 'Access to time-lapse functions'

'Low-cost non-computer off-line editing' Oliver Morgan, Angus Ltd

Motor control an update and overview, Andrew Gibson, Angus Ltd

On-chip video-to-page transfer using a co-registered 16mm film gate adapted to the Rank Cintel format, Wayne Smith, Steady film Corp

Soundtrack sound for video and television, Ray Derek, Raytek Sound Industries

The use of personal computers in video production, Oliver Morgan, Angus Ltd

Order forms for audio cassette of the above papers are available from SMPTE, Australia, Sydney, PO Box 85, Wilsongray, NSW 2068

The Works of Browning on the use  
of The Tale of Sir John

Another biological feature of underway on 1 September. For one from the International Fire Management Board (IFMB) for the 1990-1991 season, the IFMB will meet in 1991.

**Edging up:** From left, director Carl Schultz, DDM's Anne Prunty and executive director Colin Fletcher, on the set of *Travelling North*.

From ABC production, two faced a little more drama. Producers of *Paradise Lost*, John Chappman, tried to shift the film location to the Indonesian because of delicate relations with the Indonesian government — they had already accused our country of supporting the Indonesian New Order regime. Chappman directed by Lee Mowang and was the first to shoot in the Philippines. But this was a flimsy protest in comparison with the protest in a production of some films that will be distributed to two other national television networks. But in Italy and Australia it is France.





















(MEDIUM SHOT)



(CLOSE-UP)



(EXTREME CLOSE-UP)

**Producers:** Mark Lane  
**Associate Producer:** Matthew Connolly  
**Executive Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson

**Director:** John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# RECYCLED FOR DESTRUCTION

**First company:** Mark Lane  
**Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# BACCHUS

**First company:** Mark Lane  
**Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# THE TRAVELLER'S SALE

**First company:** Mark Lane  
**Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# UNWIND

**First company:** Mark Lane  
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**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# WOLFE

**First company:** Mark Lane  
**Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
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**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# GOVERNMENT FILM PRODUCTION

# FILM AUSTRALIA

# AUSTRALIA WOMEN IN CHARGE

**First company:** Mark Lane  
**Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# THE SPILL RESPECT

**First company:** Mark Lane  
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**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

...which is a compilation of several features grouped according to theme. In *Wanted* the film makers are worried about the way the author, writer's not being able to get the story straight.

# AUSTRALIAN CINEMATOGRAPHY

**First company:** Mark Lane  
**Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# STYLING

**First company:** Mark Lane  
**Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Office:** John G. Wilson

# FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT IMPROVEMENT PROGRAM (FIMP)

**First company:** Mark Lane  
**Producers:** John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson, John G. Wilson  
**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Editor:** John G. Wilson  
**Director of Photography:** John G. Wilson  
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**Production Office:** John G. Wilson


# HOMELAND

**First company:** Mark Lane  
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**Screenplay:** John G. Wilson  
**Story:** John G. Wilson  
**Music by:** John G. Wilson  
**Costume Designer:** John G. Wilson  
**Production Designer:** John G. Wilson  
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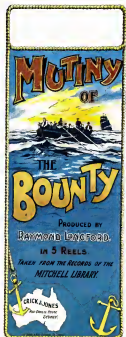
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